WEEK ENDING JULY 20, 1929

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JULY 20, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 28

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

MR. MACDONALD'S VISIT

At this time it is the impression that the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, is going to come to this country to visit the President of the United States and talk with him on such problems affecting both nations as parity in naval reduction and recognition of Soviet Russia.

This is a very remarkable step to be considered. If it is taken, it will set a precedent similar to that of Mr. Wilson's rather ill-starred visit to Europe after the war.

That visit of Mr. Wilson's, we believe, failed not because he went to Europe (as some people have professed to think), but because of the methods he followed after he got there.

He took no advisers—only executive clerks to carry out his bidding. Had he taken with him, say, two leading senators, let us say the chairman and chief opposition member of the foreign affairs committee, whatever treaty might then have been evolved probably would have passed the Senate.

Mr. MacDonald is not an opinionated man. He has nothing to sell. We believe his visit may be attended by better omens than that of Mr. Wilson. At any rate, we hope so.

In the matter of naval parity with England, there should be no insurmountable difficulty in reaching an agreement. This is a principle which both nations can well afford to accept.

It means that each, in its home waters, will be stronger than the other, since it is always an advantage to fight near home. And that is as it should be. We don't want to fight England in English waters, nor, we assume, does England want to fight us on our side of the ocean.

At the same time it means that neither can assume toward the other the rôle of bully—which again is as it should be. While we have no reason to be truculent, we certainly do not want to be defeated in American waters.

But of course if another war should come, it is extremely unlikely that it would involve only two nations. Peoples now are interdependent. Their affairs and interests interlock and overlap. A major war, almost certainly, would drag in many nations.

That being so, we need to consider not only how our navy stacks up with that of England, but also how it stacks up with those of England and her allies. So the situation becomes complicated and problematical.

Obviously we cannot hope to acquire a navy that could cope with those of England and all her possible allies.

But it is reasonable to suppose that in any future war England will have allies. It has been her policy.

About the only war in which she didn't have allies was the American Revolution, when the allies were on our side. And modern diplomacy is such that this kind of situation is not likely to develop again.

If there were a war and England looked for allies, we also no doubt would begin looking for help. Which brings us to what seems a simple and obvious thought:

If England would look for allies and we would look for allies, why should we not look to each other instead of to alien, distant powers such as Japan?

As we have said before, war with England is not unthinkable. It has happened twice in the past and it could happen again. We are both high-spirited, pugnacious peoples, and there are many problems, economic and otherwise, that might drive us into conflict.

But such a conflict would be very disastrous. It would result in a great emasculation of our portion of the human race.

Great Britain might lose her trade and her colonies. One or both of us would lose our navies. Anglo-Saxon supremacy probably would be at an end.

We can only hope that Mr. MacDonald's visit will result in drawing our ties with England closer and making it less likely that the two nations will ever be involved in hostilities again. Intelligent self-interest makes such a hope reasonable, and the welfare of the world would be equally served by such an outcome.

Unquestionably the best basis for this is naval parity. And navies are relative. It is of no more use to have the second-best navy than to be the second-best man in a prize fight.

No matter how many battleships we build, we shall be building blindly if another nation builds more. With naval parity, wisely planned, we can face the world and feel secure.

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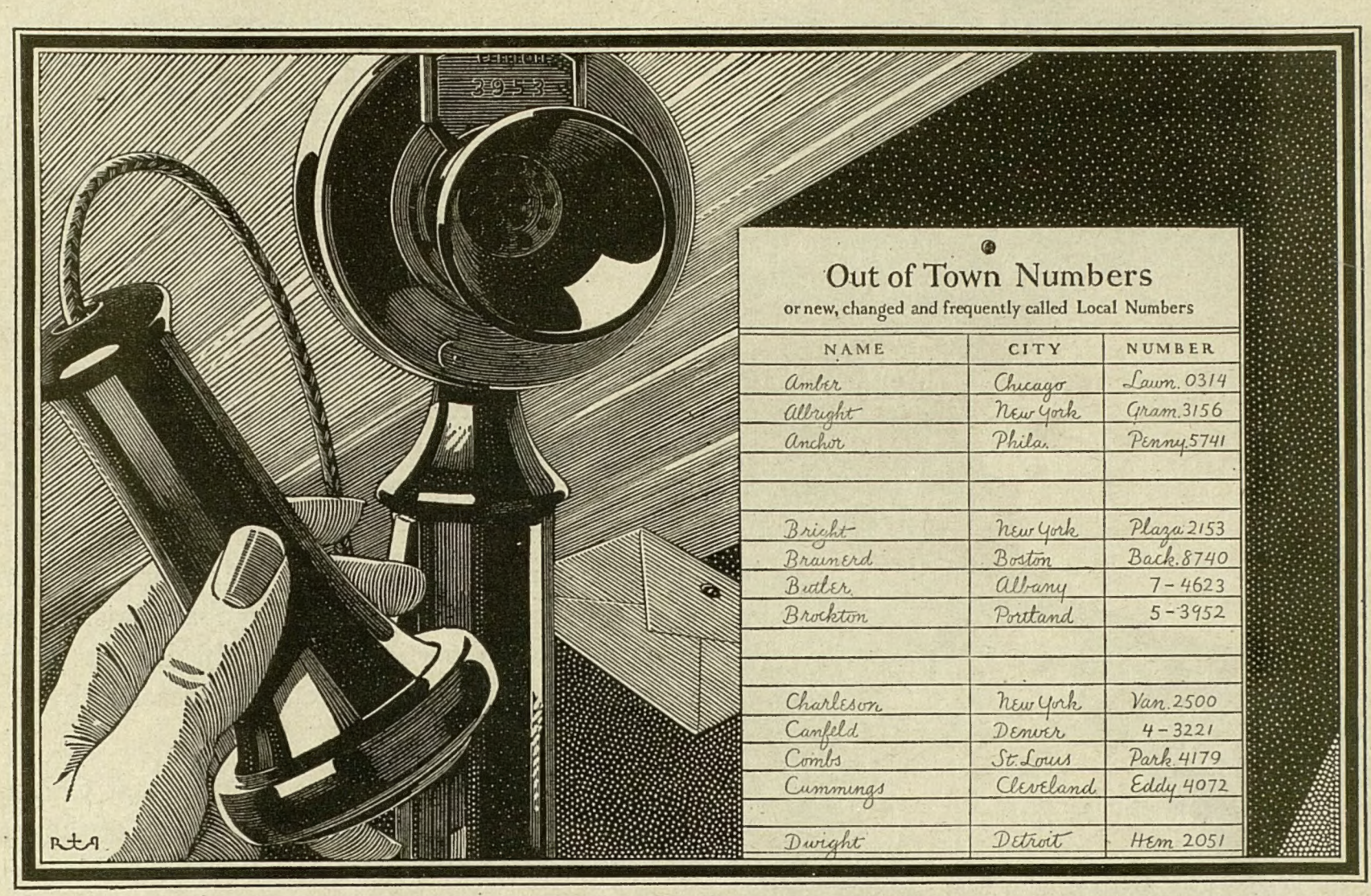

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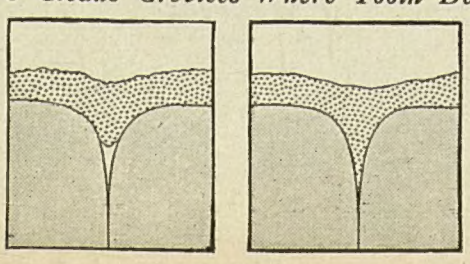

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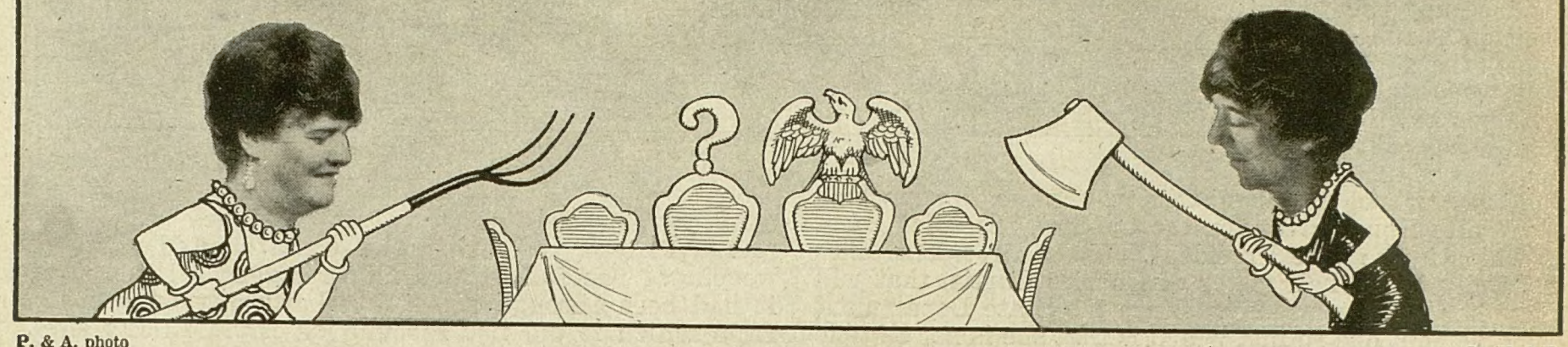
"AFTER ME, My Dear Alice"

"AFTER ME, My Dear Dolly"



P. & A. photo

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A Comedy of Dinner-Table Diplomatics in Washington

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

who has written extensively of diplomatic and other society in European capitals and in Washington. Having gone abroad during the war as a correspondent, she remained in Paris eight years. She now divides her time between America and France, and considers this the ideal way of life for any writer.

ALL of the high social world of Washington is laughing these days over a certain favorite memory which it cherishes of Alice Longworth. It was at the diplomatic reception. At the White House. In the Blue Room, with her tall, racy figure standing on a blue rug.

The rug has a big round center in colonial gray, and this is circled with our motto adopted by the thirteen original colonies: E Pluribus Unum: Out of Many, One. People are not allowed to touch it, and the secretary of Mrs. Coolidge spent a large part of the last few years in shooing them off. She said not to stand on the E Pluribus Unum, at functions and in private, to practically everybody that entered the White House, except to Alice Longworth. She, of course, roams about the rooms where she lived when a girl and stands exactly where she likes.

That night it happened to be right in the center of the rug, and she was as slender almost as when she paused erectly long ago to pose on a terrace outside a White House window for her picture as a bride. She has always been particular to keep slender, and one could imagine her after the ceremony on that other occasion, as she stood in bridal raiment in the adjoining East Room beside the gold piano to receive her father's first kiss.

She carries her head in a high, spirited manner like a race horse, and she talks most animatedly, as she was doing that evening at the reception, but without gesture. Her hands are nearly always folded in front of her, in an attitude of perfect ease, never toying with pearls, never nervously expressing misgiving as to the behavior of some stray lock by going after it.

The prolonged session of Congress has kept many of the diplomatic corps and our own governmental officials, including the Vice President himself, in Washington, which is not noted as a summer resort. It has taken on the relaxed, breezy, chintz-hung mood that becomes its semitropical character. Everything about it is languid except its discussions. These are lively, brilliant, and do not concern themselves with politics—at least, not in the restricted significance of the word. They are devoted to the question who is going to be the second

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"AFTER ME, MY DEAR ALICE"
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lady of the land. The controversy came up last spring, and is fresh in your mind, as to whether the sister of the new Vice President, whom he has appointed to be his official hostess, shall occupy the position at functions that his wife would take.

Some said the dispute was settled. It is not, and it will not be until next winter. At the dinner which the White House gives for the Cabinet, the chief guest at which is the Vice President. If the President takes out Dolly Gann, half sister of Charles Curtis, that will make her the second lady. Since the State Department has given out one ruling, which is that she is not eligible to the same rank that his wife would be, and since the Vice President is not willing to accept this decision, then obviously nobody can settle the controversy but the President himself.

Meantime, while she was occupying this position pro tem, the daughter of one of the most distinguished of our Presidents and wife of the Speaker of the House challenged her right to it by declining to go to a magnificent dinner where Mrs. Gann sat in the most distinguished seat accorded to any woman there.

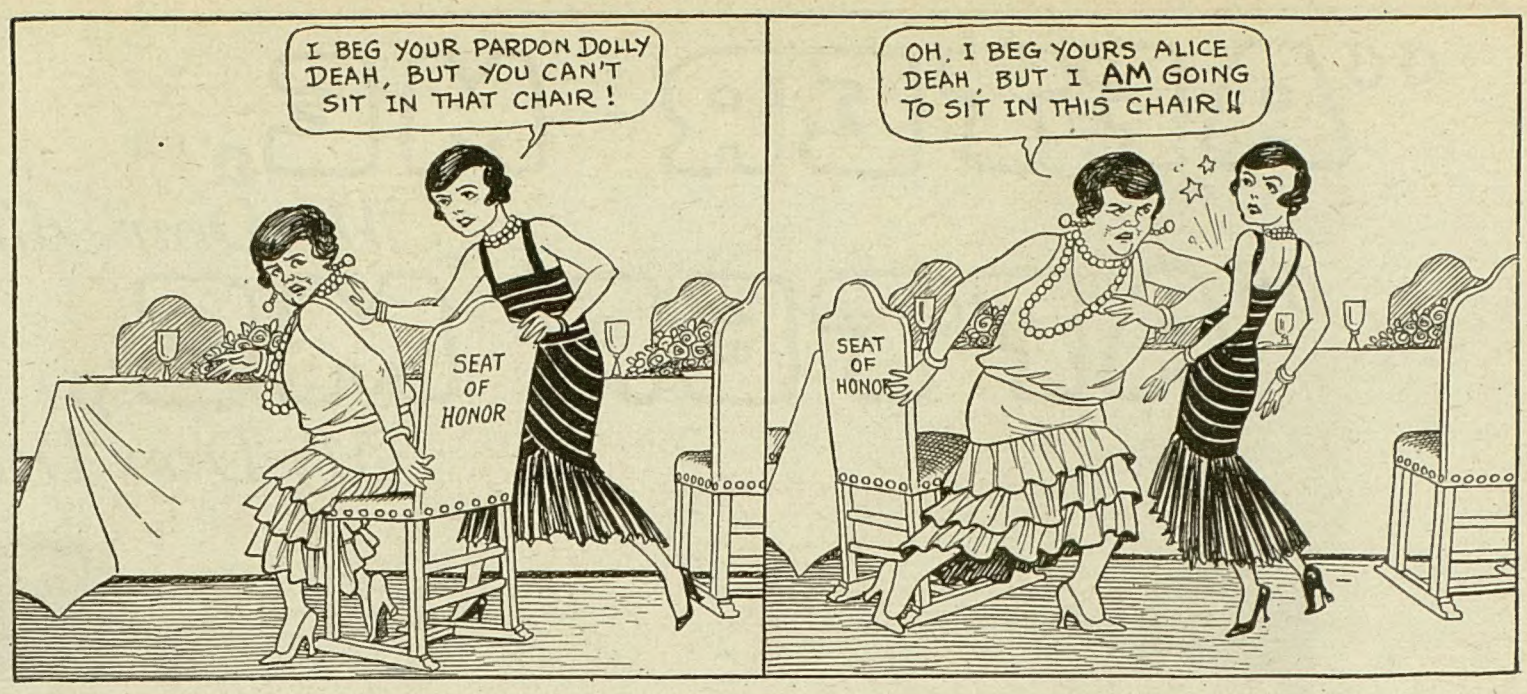
Thus this greatest society drama we have ever staged has been brought by Alice Longworth to the point of greatest complication—or, so to speak—to the climax of the big second act. When it is decided, the news will go on all the cables in all the languages to practically all the countries of the earth.

Many are venturing, in the lazy social groups of summer, the prophecy that when the guests for the Cabinet dinner are assembled in the room where Alice Roosevelt was married, the President will start the formal procession to the dining room by offering his arm to Mrs. Gann. If so, her place will be inviolably established. Others say he will never do anything to offend Nick Longworth, as they think he cannot function without the support of the House.

The Senate, so runs the social gossip, is automatically opposed to the President, and for the excellent psychological reason that each member thinks himself exactly as capable as the chief executive. That, at least, is the way one Congressman explained it. All the Senators are most audaciously aware that no appointments can be made without the confirmation of their body. Maybe each one thinks he ought to be President himself.

IT seems a pity to lay down by mere political expediency social laws that will be functioning a hundred years from now. More tears and heartbreaks have gone into the matter of where the Vice President's half sister belongs at the dinner table than have accompanied legislation on the Farm Relief Bill or the Federal Reserve Board's doings. A few days after Mrs. Longworth refused to accord her first place at dinner, Mrs. Gann said over the telephone that she went no place, she saw no one, she cried incessantly. For a time at least it took all the happiness out of life for her.

On the Monday following the flare-up, everybody around Washington was saying there surely must be some mistake about it. In the afternoon the two women appeared together in the Senate gallery, and we were all saying we were right. The whole thing had been a mistake. But no, sirree, we were all wrong—the mistake having been made when the two women had met in the elevator and been forced into appearing together. A



The situation as seen

social war was on then and it continues still. The round, mature visage of Mrs. Gann showed signs of weeping. The full, settled figure sagged a little, as if it had been through something bordering on despair, from which it did not rebound quickly. Alice's slim, mobile figure and lean, impassive face were as dauntlessly, as coolly unmoved as always.

PEOPLE of Washington, acquainted with her careless, almost tomboyish ways, more than once exclaimed to her in that period: "Why, Alice, what do you care who sits by whom all of a sudden?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me where I sit," Alice answered. "But this is an insult to Lady Isabella." She referred to the wife of the British Ambassador, who except for the controversy would have been the logical guest of honor. The very explanation had a queer, out-of-place ring to it, uttered in our democracy. It sounded like a far cry from the days when Thomas Jefferson offered his arm to the woman nearest him in order to carry out our democratic ideals and not even start creating distinctions.

Because she made herself so vivid, as she always does, the eyes even of those who are used to her have been turned on Alice this summer. In this age of the cinema the big events of history, along with everything else, seem just naturally to arrange themselves in the form of a moving picture, whether the cameraman is there or not. That, no doubt, is why people revived their very recent memories of her as she stood on the E Pluribus Unum rug.

The picture, with its little ensuing action, might open a scenario, its purpose being to show how close all of the principals in the drama were to one another before the trifling explosion of stored-up ambition, envy, and other combustible emotions scattered them far apart.

For that evening a gentleman hurried up to join Alice on the motto of our Republic. These two were glad to see each other. His greeting was hearty, assured, at ease, and genuine with the genuineness employed by a politician even when he is sincere. He was thickset, mustached, and swarthy, and his evening clothes seemed a little moist. Alice was brocaded and bejeweled. She was smart. He wasn't. She was the girl who will always be regarded as our only American princess, and he was Charley Curtis, the coming Vice President, who has Indian blood in him.

The background was exactly like the chorus of a comic opera of Gilbert and Sullivan, with all the officials of all the nations accompanied by their wives and families in their native costumes. The Chinese were present in their embroidered trappings, to say nothing of the Japanese, Serbians, and Turks. Men wore their uniforms and sabers and orders. In President Roosevelt's time he said he would go crazy if some definite ranking were not arranged and adhered to for receiving the officials of the twenty-six nations then represented among us. Now there are something like fifty.

Cartoon by Martin M. Branner

by a comic artist.

He said a hierarchy was necessary that would put everybody definitely in his place and keep him there. One was brought down to date then, and its principles have been adhered to ever since. In accordance with its rules, every diplomat that evening fell into just the spot where he belonged in the long line that passed and bowed its respects to Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge. They for their parts had descended the stairway as the band played Hail to the Chief Who in Triumph Advances, and had been followed by the Cabinet members and their wives in the exact order of their rank.

The only departures from form and ceremony were staged that evening by Alice and Charley Curtis. While the rest of the assemblage were clicking heels and bowing low and kissing hands and otherwise expressing the homage of one nation to another, those two were talking about Paulina, Alice's four-year-old daughter, and about such other subjects as the opera and the horse show, with now and then a word about politics.

Presently along came Nick Longworth and clapped a hand on the shoulder of each of them. Thus he turned the tête-à-tête into a hearty, happy conversation of three. They were united in their friendship as they stood together on Out of Many, One.

The only objection to this for the opening tableau is that it leaves Mrs. Gann entirely out of the picture—though some say that is exactly where she belongs. This is going pretty far, considering that she is the person whom the row is all about, and is by way of winning out, some believe.

FOR the full value of contrast, the next picture would perhaps best be of Nick a long time after, when he appeared all around Washington fairly bristling with indignation and talking in a most unrestrained and uncharacteristic manner to all his friends, political and social, about the outrage of being expected to accept Mrs. Gann as second lady of the land. The caption for this one would be taken from his own statements: "I do not know the Ganns. They have never been in my house, and they never will be."

This began happening the day after Alice sent her regrets for herself and her husband to the dinner where the Vice President's sister was presumably to have first place. It was repeated many times.

People who make society a business began asking a question that sounded like an attempt to quell the gossip. How did Mrs. Gann know that Mrs. Longworth was even invited to that dinner? Did the hostess supply her with an invitation list? And after her guest had accepted, did the hostess notify her that on her account Alice would not come?

I, for one, made it my business to probe a little into this mystery. After a brief preliminary acquaintance with Mrs. Gann, she invited me up to spend an evening with her at the Mayflower Hotel, where she lives with her brother and her husband. When we had chatted for a few minutes, she called in "Charley" and her husband to join us.

We were as cozy and provincial a little parlor group as ever got together in any small town of an evening, with nothing in look or conversation to denote that three members of it had the attention of the world and one of them was a high executive of our nation. We were principally concerned over how the flowers were doing in the Georgetown garden of the house they had "just simply turned the key on" when they had moved down bodily to the Mayflower Hotel.

Feeling my way, oh, so gently, so carefully, up to such a dynamic inquiry, I ventured, "Why, you didn't know Alice wasn't going to be at that dinner, did you?"

The sister of the Vice President shook her head. "I didn't have anyone to go with. My husband was away, and Charley had a headache. They hate big dinners anyway. So I called up and said I couldn't go."

I GREW a little bolder. "I should think the matter of where you were to sit would be settled by the President."

The atmosphere became a little more tense perhaps, and yet they all smiled complacently, serenely. "It will be." She barely uttered the words, so softly she spoke them—and yet so surely. The Vice President seconded the statement with a faint, complacent smile.

"Next autumn?" I pressed tentatively.

"Yes."

"At the Cabinet dinner?"

Mrs. Gann and the Vice President seemed to restrain their little nods of the head, and we hopped off such a red-hot subject. But was there definite information that justified the little party in appearing so sure?

At any rate, it seemed only fair as well as interesting to assemble Alice Longworth's version, which she was telling all over the place. In a tiny Connecticut Avenue shop one afternoon she gave it without curtailment to some friends.

"Did Mrs. Gann say she had a headache before she knew you weren't going?"

"No. The way of it was, I said to the hostess, Mrs. Meyer, 'Are you really going to give Mrs. Gann first place?' She said, 'Yes, I've got to. That's the ruling.' I said, 'Well, then, I don't think Nick and I can come. I'll talk it over with him, but I don't think so.' Later I called up to say we couldn't. We both hate big dinners anyway."

So did the Gann-Curtis party, according to their own statement! It seemed to be the one point on which all parties were united.

"Well, did Mrs. Gann find out you weren't going to be present?"

"No, but the hostess called her up and said she could not be responsible for the seating of her guests."

Came a chorus of, "If she couldn't, then who could? Did you ever hear of anything so awful?"

Answer from Alice: "No. I never did."

"But didn't the hostess know she couldn't be responsible when she delivered the invitations?" Someone put this wise question.

"Oh, no. You see, invitations have to be out a long, long time in advance of the date in the social season. Certain débutante dates are being set for next year now."

These invitations were out before the controversy over Mrs. Gann's position had ever been raised in the first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["AFTER ME, MY DEAR ALICE"
Continued from page nine]

place. When it came up, the hostess thought she was going to be very clever and avoid all issues of rank by seating her guests at small tables. She seems to have got sort of panic-stricken and called up the sister of the Vice President to tell her what she had done.

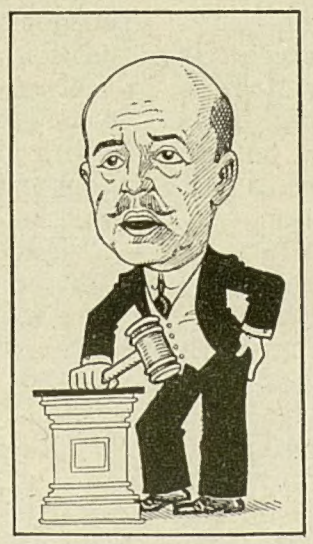
One person who is mildly, reflectively, and almost sadly amused by all this fracas is Mr. Mellon. He was thought by his closest friends to be always a little unhappy over the fact that his daughter, who acted as his official hostess, was almost without rank. Alice Longworth was excitedly and with amusement commenting that the attitude of Vice President Curtis reminded her for all the world of Uncle Joe Cannon's carryings-on when he was Speaker of the House. "I can just hear my father saying, 'Uncle Joe wants to treat his daughter as if she were his wife. Now, do you think that's nice?'"

Yet one of the replies of Mr. Stimson, issued from the State Department when it was asked to arbitrate in the present wrangle, was in effect that no part of the government could concern itself with such trivial matters as where people should sit. Can it be that we in our youth as a nation have not learned that prestige is the outer and visible acknowledgment of one's accomplishment? It started with the race, progressed with civilization, and at times reached a point where it had to be visibly ignored.

Maybe that last is what will happen now. Maybe we shall have to institute a round table, with no one at the head.

Many a summer drawing-room in Washington has been taking up the problem of what could have set Nick off so. The clue has not been hard to find. His friends say he maintains that the precedence of the Vice President over the Speaker is based on nothing either logical or fundamental and is not even sanctioned authoritatively by our government. The incident of Mrs. Gann's position, therefore, can serve as the pretext for settling not only her status but that of her brother.

The Vice President does not represent the Senate as the Speaker does the House. This is because the House itself elects the Speaker. He therefore, so his supporters maintain, holds the highest office of anybody directly and intimately representing the people, and should come next to the President. At any rate, take it or leave it, as you will, this is supposed to be the present Speaker's point of view, and the reasoning on which the present dissension is based. The little flare-up is merely an excuse for settling an old score between not the women of political society but the men.



An impression of Speaker Longworth.

THE precedence of the Vice President does not even go far back into history for its start. Prior to the term of President McKinley, the Vice President had no social rank. McKinley loved his first Vice President, Hobart, so much that he could not bear to see him straggling in at dinners behind the lowest ranking official. He gave him a place at the head of the Cabinet dinner table, and the Cabinet dinner is the function which next winter will decide as to Mrs. Gann's prestige.

There is never a time in the winter schedule when the President and Mrs. Hoover will have to entertain the Vice President and Mrs. Gann at the same time with the Longworths—and that is probably all right with the Hoovers. But consider the other smart and wealthy people of Washington who will wish to give functions. Consider the people holding political positions who are obliged to do so. May not one sometimes wish to invite both the Vice President and Mr. Longworth, and if so, what does one do?

Drawing-room gossips have been drawing on historical memories, and they point out that the Speaker himself has not been satisfied with his position in every administration. Hobart was Vice President before Roosevelt was, and the rule of precedence established in the case of the former protected the latter from the ignominy of straggling into functions far down the line. He therefore could enjoy, without any bitter personal reflections from experience, the pleasure of joshing old Uncle Joe Cannon on his sensitiveness over his low rank as Speaker.

"Put him down below the Chief Justice and all Cabinet members!" The President used to give out the order and laugh over his command.

Later in his term, when he invited the Speaker to dinners, Uncle Joe used always to say he couldn't come because he had a cold. But he knew and the President knew that he did not come because of his very low ranking in the dinner procession. One day President Roosevelt telephoned him and said, "Joe, come on to the dinner tonight."

UNCLE JOE was taken a little off his guard, but did not capitulate. "Who's going to take in Mrs. Roosevelt?" he inquired.

The President named a member of the judiciary who was to have the privilege, since the one who would logically have it was ill.

"I can't come, then," rejoined Speaker Cannon. And come he would not. He said, "I think I ought to take Mrs. Roosevelt in."

"Never mind, Joe, I'll give a dinner just for you," said the President. He did. It was regularly entered into the social calendar of Washington, and has continued as an annual event. Before, there was one for the judiciary, one for the Cabinet, and one for the diplomatic corps, but none for the presiding officer of the House.

After all, this was merely side-stepping the issue back in the earlier period, and wishing it on a later generation to settle—because, of course, a Speaker could have a dinner given for him and be guest of honor at it. What old Joe Cannon wished to know, and what the son-in-law of the man who created the Speaker's dinner apparently wishes to have settled, is where this functionary has a right to expect to sit at just any old entertainment. At least, that is supposed to be what the present row is really all about. Even Uncle Joe didn't try to outrank the Vice President, though.

President Roosevelt used to reflect in a good deal of amusement over that Speaker's position. "It's always the very simple people who have never been used to anything who set such store by rank," he would comment.

Uncle Joe boasted of his thick, coarse footwear. "I am as simple as an old shoe," he would say. "I am of the people."

"You take those who have had it for two or three generations," commented President Roosevelt, "and they don't care anything about rank."

He ought to have known, because he had it, and his fathers had before him. But is it not strange that his daughter, who is one generation further along in the family heritage of culture, should rise to the defense of her prestige against any possible infringement? Alice, who knows what she wants when she wants it—and gets it, what is more! Is it not astounding for her to bother about rank or the outer acknowledgments of it?

She leaves her own luncheon party when her guests have come late and have therefore delayed it. "Well, I'm sorry," she says, as soon as the ice cream and the coffee are finished. "You stick around as long as you will. But I want to get down to the Senate in time to get in on the first part of the debate." She drives down and hurries in the elevator to the gallery, pulling off her coat as she crosses the corridor and makes through the door for the little, inclosed area kept for her exclusive use. As she sits down, she yanks off her hat and socks it with the coat on the seat beside her, with a manner and bearing that indicate anything but reverence for form and ceremony.

Such is a typical one of her public appearances. At home, on the nurse's evening off she puts Paulina to bed, and the next day, in one of the little shops that she loves to drop into, repeats the conversation between herself and her daughter. "'Oh, mother,'" she said one day, quoting Paulina from bedtime of the night before, "'I

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Mrs. Edward Everett Gann

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Mrs. Nicholas Longworth

just love to think of the morning when I shall wake up and see your little gray head on the pillow!'" Yes, Alice Roosevelt has not bothered to hide the fact that her hair is turning gray.

In this shop, where her sister-in-law meets her with some skates that are a present for Paulina, she is so eager to show them to Mrs. Longworth that she unwraps them and holds them out at arm's length. After exclamations on all sides of how cunning they are, the donor hands them over to the woman who keeps the shop, to be wrapped. "Oh, we don't need them wrapped," spontaneously protests Mrs. Longworth. "I'll carry them on my arm." She takes them, fastens the leather straps together, and slings them over her wrist.

At a dressmaking establishment—the smartest in Washington—the mistress of it one day went out into the workroom and said: "Girls! Can you get a dress ready in forty-eight hours?"

"Oh, no!" they said flatly, and were even a little miffed at the suggestion.

"I'm so sorry," said the mistress. "Mrs. Longworth will be disappointed."

"Is it for Mrs. Longworth?" they all cried at once. "Of course we can!"

SHE has had the same chauffeur for years. Every time she comes out of a grocery store and slings some vegetables into the tonneau of her handsome car, he beams on her delightedly.

She talks on equal terms with salesgirls and newspaper women. This, with her other attractions, makes them love her. At functions and in public she has always had a status of her own. It is like something inherited and reënforced by her own personality. Of course, under these circumstances, with unquestioned rank over everybody, it is not difficult to be democratic.

Concerning visits and days at home, Alice's attitude calls for close examination in the present crisis. Last winter everybody was waiting for her to set a receiving day. I believe the way of it is that a lot of other people cannot name theirs until she has declared herself. She was so long in doing it that something got into the papers about it. In one of those little society gossip columns, you know. Were we to have no At Homes this season because the wife of the Speaker was apparently having none? That or something like it was the gist of the comment. Nick saw the article and said, "Here, this will never do." She set a day.

AT the Congressional Club reception she was in the receiving line. That is, she was in it until she fell out. Early in the evening she retired to a sofa to indulge in some conversation with the newspaper girls and another of her adorers. People missed her from that line and plainly showed their disappointment. Nick was aware that there was an unhappy situation, and he sought her. "Come along and get into line," he said. "Many of these people have come just to see you." "I don't want to," she answered. "I'm talking now." And she did not.

This was at the reception of the club which elects for its president the wife of the Vice President of the United States. This year Mrs. Gann was thought to have been disappointed not to receive the honor. They gave it to the wife of the senior Senator instead of to the sister of the Vice President.

With this image of Alice before us, it is just as well to take a glance at the woman she challenged for precedence. Mrs. Gann was observing her day at home and she asked me to see her through with it. The affair took place where the three are living, in the Vice Presidential suite on the tenth floor of the Mayflower Hotel. Even as I entered the outer corridor and was met by Jefferson, the colored butler, who asked me to lay aside my wraps, I felt a sense of hominess in that impersonal and magnificent suite. An old colonial straight-back chair, never the possession of any hotel, stood in the hall, and it had a cushion on it that later turned out to have been made by Mrs. Gann. "You know—needle-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

["AFTER ME, MY DEAR ALICE"
Continued from page eleven]

point," she explained, as she carried it herself up to a group for someone to sit on.

Walking down the corridor, one saw a strong, efficient-looking woman very smartly dressed. Mrs. Gann was receiving, and oh, so correctly and with such ease. With just the right degree of sureness she advanced and held out her hand. She pronounced the name of everyone she had ever seen before. Jefferson gave her the cards of others arriving for the first time. She looked at them and later introduced the new guests with the same sureness as the old. Statesmen came to pay their respects. Delegates to conventions looked in. Schoolgirls came to ask for autographs.

Flowers cut that morning by Mrs. Gann in the Georgetown garden stood upon the tables among photographs in silver frames. There was one of Mrs. Coolidge, one of the Vice President, one of Mrs. Gann herself, and several of children taken in twos.

"Those are Charley's and just the same as if they were my own," she was saying to some statesman as I advanced, and I was reminded that this was what the row was all about. The Vice President, you will remember, had said that she had brought up his children, his wife having been an invalid for years, and that the woman who had shared so many domestic experiences with him, some of which had been homely, trying, and far from happy, ought to partake of any honors of rank that were his. Now she was doing so, and she seemed to be recompensed. Obviously she was enjoying her experience.

"I made thirty calls today," she said to the Spanish Ambassador, and later repeated it to newcomers. When a large wave of outgoing visitors left the room to just a few of us, we sat down for a cozy chat, and she consulted us about her calls. "I love to make them. I made three hundred between the fourth of March and early April. I like the people to be in."

The lulls that came early in the afternoon gave two or three of us time for several of those little visits with her. In one of them she was pointing out some of the personal belongings that made the place so attractive. "And that silver vase"—it was filled with flowers—"Mr. Sherman gave it to us when he was Vice President. We didn't think then that Charles would be Vice President some day."

A few visitors arrived. She went through the business of perfect, trained hostess-ship. In a few minutes she resumed her conversation. "Charles was fourteen years in the House. And twenty years in the Senate. And now he is our Vice President." She said the words fondly. It was a real pleasure to see someone who had achieved so completely what she wished.

IT was in the dining room and we were standing face to face in the chattiest of conversations as I was making a desultory estimate of Mrs. Gann. Her reddish-brown hair was most punctiliously, most correctly marcelled. Great pearls hung as pendants from her ears on little chains in a manner that had a real Parisian chic to it. Her rose-colored silk dress was very smart, with a stately yet gay air, such as would befit the feminine representative of one of our high executives. Her figure is not over tall, yet is far from short; a little given to avoirdupois, and yet not much.

Her face is not distinguished for being clear-cut and fine, and yet is anything but ordinary or common. Her eyes are blue, the space between them is wide; her face is round rather than oval. It is cushioned in a way that keeps it unlined and far from sagging. I began taking stock of her more seriously.

Who was it that she looked like? Like a thousand other women. Like the mother of the nation, you might say. She was from middle western soil. Her looks and her manner of speech denoted this. It was funny to hear her reeling off the names of foreign diplomats correctly.

Mr. Curtis as he might look on the warpath.

The telephone rang. "I can't answer that, Jefferson," she called to the butler. In a minute he came in with an important air. He whispered something. Mrs. Gann's voice rang out with, "The White House! Oh, that's different!"

She excused herself, and presently returned, exalted. "Well, I'll just have to break some engagements—that's all." She had received a command, so to speak, from the White House and was pleased about it.

YOU will remember that the Gann-Longworth controversy started just after Inauguration, when her position had to be determined by a referee, who was no less a person than the retiring Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg. He said that she could occupy the high position at her own functions, when she acted as hostess for her brother—and you would hardly think that we required a State Department to tell us such an elementary fact of etiquette as that. When she was a guest at other affairs, she was to be practically without rank.

Her brother being discontented with the ruling, the new Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, inherited this as his first dispute to decide. Those who did not understand what they were talking about said his move was diplomatic, while those close to the situation knew it wasn't.

What he did was to wish this domestic dispute of ours on the diplomatic corps, who are more or less guests and strangers, without power really to settle anything regarding this nation. However, they called a meeting. It was ordered by Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador and dean of the corps. It took place at the British Embassy. After a debate which is said to have lasted for more than two hours, they decided to give Mrs. Gann first place at entertainments which they had control over.

Count Szechenyi came out of the front door from the meeting gesticulating with his umbrella which he carried clenched in his hand. This was but one of his ways of expressing his utter disapproval of the situation in which they had all been placed.

With a kind of childlikeness we as a nation seem to have got it into our heads that the dispute was thus settled satisfactorily and by foreigners.

The first dinner to be given was by the Chilean Ambassador, and with great pomp and triumph Mrs. Gann was taken out as second lady of the land. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Meyer's dinner, previous to which Alice Longworth protested against Mrs. Gann's position—and thus brought up just about the first point for the President, directly or indirectly, to decide in the fall.

Meantime, that afternoon at the reception in the Vice President's drawing-room, a question naturally came into one's mind. How would such a disagreement be settled in England, where rank and precedences are embedded in the very foundations of the empire, and in its structure social and political standing are so inextricably intertwined?

The next day I called at the British Embassy for this information, and in its long, dark corridors leading to the gloomy chancery felt transported to London in the cool drizzle of an early summer morning. There seemed to be quite a little reaction to our social situation smoldering there beneath the surface.

"One thing is certain," said the young man who answered me. "It would be settled outside the newspapers."

In England, place is determined largely by title, and if you haven't got a title you are out of luck. The wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury has not. He has very high standing and she has none.

Girls who are daughters of noblemen are given the title of Honorable to get them through until they can marry somebody who has a better one. But where do these people sit at the table?

They sit where they are put.

THE END

O CHIVALRY

The Story of an Amazing Adventure

Suddenly he tore away his collar. "There, that mark! . . . And from that moment I was hers."

By

MICHAEL ARLEN

who is as romantic a person as his stories—everyone will recall The Green Hat—would suggest. For one thing he is the only Armenian so far as we know who has done best sellers in English. His real name is Dikran Kouyoumdjian. He changed it and his nationality as well when he reached for fame and he is now a subject of King George V.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

THERE is a street in London that dips from an inferno to a dour but lovely palace where lives the heir to an empire greater than Rome's; and on the shoulder of this street is a club of long traditions and honorable history — if high gaming and heartless wit ever forged traditions, and coxcombs ever made for honor.

However, times have changed. In this club, for example, there is nowadays less wit but more principle, less elegance but more reticence, less aristocracy but more nobility. In a word, there are more men of honor.

That is not to say, of course, that there are no exceptions. For if a cat has nine lives, a cad has two or three; and it is at his club that he lives his honorable life.

There are always men in clubs — "exclusive" clubs, to use an epithet that lends the charm of fantasy to the sober facts of journalism—who delight in belittling the fair reputations of women who have seen through them; men who are popular clubmen, but inconsiderate husbands; hearty men; men who tell amusing stories; men who will not cheat at cards, but who think nothing of cheating at marriage; good fellows, stout fellows.

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[O CHIVALRY
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first-class fellows—but not to live with.

These are exceptions. But why not look on the bright side? Among men at large, and in this club in particular, chivalry of thought has not died with the use of cavalry in war.

Let us try to believe that, anyhow. It makes the increasing superiority of women easier to bear, for what does it profit a woman spiritually to have swum the English Channel when her man has gotten a black eye in defense of her efficiency as a housewife?

II

AT this club, a little after noon one morning, a man stood at the bar absorbed in thought. Of a very fine presence and a pleasing countenance, he was one of those who have the rare good fortune to engage without effort the affections of men and the interest of women.

His high-complexioned face, even when full turned, had the military quality of impressing itself on the observer as a profile, and an uncommonly handsome profile, at that. Colonel Tarrant, of His Majesty's Foot Guards, was a soldier of distinction. But that is not to say that the profession of arms had blinded him to the enjoyment of letters, or the superstition of discipline to the tranquil satisfactions of a tolerant mind.

In point of fact, the severity of this gentleman's military profile gave a false impression, since his was a sympathetic understanding and a generous heart. Nor did he dissipate these qualities thoughtlessly. For Colonel Tarrant was respected both by schoolboys and by soldiers for the one virtue that schoolboys and soldiers respect the most, since it is that with which they are the least endowed—the virtue of reflection.

Presently two gentlemen joined him at the bar. One was a tall slender young man with the sensitive features and nervous hands of an artist; the other a full-bodied middle-aged man whose weather-beaten complexion indicated the sportsman, while his steady blue eyes, that could change on a word from smiling warmth to an icy stare, told of loyalty in friendship and fearlessness of conduct.

The first was a Mr. Valentine Prest, who, though connected with the best blood in England, was a dramatist of note. But it was his somewhat commonplace affectation to enjoy being taken for an idler. The older man was Mr. Roger Byrrh, perhaps the most popular broker in London and certainly the most fearless rider to hounds of his generation. Doubtless, young Valentine Prest was a little too diffident to be very popular. But there was nowhere a company of men who knew him that did not welcome sturdy Roger Byrrh's approach with affection.

" What are you going to do with it? " he whispered. Fox pulled a revolv

The two ordered Martini cocktails. Tarrant, who neither drank nor smoked until sundown, went on sipping his iced water. After some attempts at conversation, his friends could not help but quiz him on the pronounced depth of his morning reflections. Colonel Tarrant smiled absently.

" As a matter of fact," he said presently, " I was hoping that one of you—and you particularly, Byrrh—would come along this morning."

" Who would have thought it! " Valentine Prest smiled.

t of his pocket. "Kill it, of course—it's not human."

"That's all right," he said.

"You had better hear the story first," said Colonel Tarrant, and led the two men to a deserted corner of the smoking room.

III

SOME months age (Colonel Tarrant began) we were all distressed, as you will remember, by the suicide of Perry Walton, the artist.

Although, as you shall hear, I knew so much about his death, I did not give evidence at the inquest. This self-imposed silence made me uneasy. But at the time I thought it for the best, for how could my revelations serve the dead or enlighten the living?

But what happened last night has made me doubtful of my own judgment in such matters. I shall ask your advice.

There was no question but that Walton's death was a clear case of suicide. A constable on his rounds found him early one morning on the pavement in front of his house in Oakley Street—shot through the temple, the revolver still in his hand.

Certain facts did not come out at the inquest. For instance, what really puzzled the police was the expression on Walton's face. It was contorted in an agony of horror that seemed to express unbearable repulsion rather than anything resembling ordinary fear—as though poor Walton, whilst in the throes of some loathsome nightmare, had rushed out of his house and put a bullet through his brain. The coroner's jury found, of course, no difficulty in returning the usual verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.

Now I shall tell you what I know of the reasons that drove Perry Walton into taking his own life.

You will remember what a painful surprise it was to every admirer of Walton's art when, about two years ago at the height of his popularity as a portrait painter, he suddenly began painting in an entirely different manner.

The change was remarkable—and unpleasant. For some inexplicable reason the Walton we all knew and loved had suddenly become quite indifferent to the appreciation of his friends and the respect of the critics.

The work he now put his hand to was neither admirable nor salable. The paintings on which he now spent his time were of faces and figures so grotesque and so evil that the observer turned away from them with repulsion.

It was reserved for me to see the worst of these imaginary "portraits"—the worst and the last.

What was Walton aiming at in creating these horrors? Well, I don't profess to understand the motives that impel artists—writers or painters—to exhaust their intelligence in the creation of stories and paintings that seem to ordinary minds just plain nasty. Walton, so far as I could make out, was trying to create a portrait of wickedness incarnate. A charming subject. . . .

The thing had become an obsession with him. He had got, of course, far beyond depicting the everyday common-or-garden evil that is stamped on certain faces. His interest was—well, historical. What he was trying to create was the portrait of a face that should be a composite expression of all the worst passions that have swayed the worst of mankind from the dawn of history.

You and I would say that, even if such a portrait was worth doing, it was impossible. Walton had an idea it wasn't—and, unfortunately for him, he was right. I have seen the portrait.

"Fire away," said Byrrh, ordering another Martini.

"Last night," said Tarrant thoughtfully, "I had a very curious—and a very horrible—experience."

There was, in his usually calm voice and impersonal manner, a repressed unsteadiness that forbade the quips that rose to his friends' lips.

"It's a case, I fancy," Tarrant went on, "for—well, decision. I think I shall need your help—particularly yours, Byrrh."

Roger Byrrh was human, and where is the civilian who is not flattered by a soldier's faith in his courage and determination? He laid a muscular hand on Tarrant's arm.

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[O CHIVALRY
Continued from page fifteen]

Such an obsession as his could, of course, have but one direction—to an interest in what are called the "occult sciences." And it was not long before poor Walton became a profitable source of income to those pale ladies and gentlemen who practice (in my opinion, at least) the knavish and dangerous trade of so-called communication with the unseen.

But he was soon dissatisfied with the ordinary phenomena evoked by these childish spirit mongers. What he was looking for was a psychicist of unusual powers and, I fancy, of more than unusual unscrupulousness.

Well, he found one. In all great cities, I imagine, there are men of queer professions and curious pretensions—men, as a rule, of some intelligence and learning, who might have done well at some decent calling, but have been led by vanity and avarice into taking up nauseating means of livelihood.

The fellow poor Walton at last found in London was a Mr. Alastair Fox—and he called himself, if you please, a doctor of black magic.

He has fled the country now—scared away, of course, by Walton's suicide. I learned as much by calling on the gentleman the day after the tragedy, and I am still looking forward to five minutes' conversation alone with Mr. Alastair Fox.

This fellow undoubtedly impressed Walton as being gifted with unusual powers. Deeply versed in the "occult sciences," Mr. Alastair Fox made no secret of the fact—to really profitable clients like Walton—that he was less interested in helping mankind to probe the mystery of death than in experimenting with the unholy manifestations of what is called "black magic."

There is certainly no doubt but that the fellow had discovered certain channels of communication, unknown to anyone else, with the lost souls and elementals of the other world.

The séances used to take place in the darkened studio of Alastair Fox's little house in Montpellier Square. No one but Fox and Walton was present—a privilege, of course, for which poor Walton was charged accordingly. Starting at about 10 o'clock at night, they would sometimes last from three to four hours, when Fox would look utterly worn out. From Walton's account one gathered with some satisfaction that the fellow's tricks in that dark studio were as exhausting to himself as a long route march.

FOR all that, the first séances passed without any significant manifestations—apart, of course, from the usual kind of nonsense one associates with mediums and dark rooms. But Walton did not give up hope. Throughout the séances he had been aware of an occasional scuffling in a distant corner of the dark studio. Had he not been positive that it was quite impossible to keep a dog concealed in so bare a room, he would have accused Fox of trying to humbug him with stale tricks. As it was, the fellow explained that the scuffling sound was in another dimension and was caused by the impotent attempts of unimportant elementals to take on physical shape.

At last, however, Walton was seriously thinking of giving it all up and saving his money—he died penniless—when one night the queer scuffling in the distant corner of the studio became very much more pronounced.

Walton got tremendously keyed up. Fox's voice, forever reeling out his daft incantations in some queer cabalistic lingo, immediately rose to a high pitch. The scuffling seemed to come nearer, exactly as though some large, soft, boneless animal was trying to push itself along the bare floor. Walton could tell from the unsteady pitch of Fox's voice that the fellow was scared. He was simply screeching.

Then the scuffling suddenly stopped.

Walton was disappointed, and must have moved uneasily on his hard chair, for Fox yelled:

"For God's sake, don't move!"

There was a dead silence. Apparently Fox was taking a rest from his incantations. Walton, sitting in the pitch darkness, scarcely dared breathe for fear of missing something. But when that something suddenly came, it was too noisy to be missed. It was a sharp mewing, rising to an unearthly wail.

Fox yelled, "My God, turn the lights on!"

Walton, taken by surprise, felt himself break out into a sweat. The mewing noise became even sharper, more vindictive. Walton described it as catlike, but much more human and horrible. It was as though someone without a mouth was trying to speak.

"The lights, you fool!" yelled Fox.

BUT Walton, by now thoroughly scared, could not find the switch easily. The mewing had come much nearer—it was as though the thing was exulting. Fox began sobbing, completely unnerving Walton.

"I daren't move," Fox gasped. "I might touch it."

When, at last, Walton did switch on the lights, the mewing instantly died away in a sort of slobbering wail. The man Fox was in a state of collapse, unable to speak.

But at last he managed to pull himself together a little and said:

"That was touch and go, I can tell you! No more on this tack."

"But what *was* it, man—that infernal mewing?"

"Oh, that was the least part of it! Didn't you smell anything?" Fox asked with a grimace of repulsion.

Walton hadn't. Anyhow, he had been so keyed up by the queer mewing that he couldn't, so soon after, exactly analyze his sensations. Poor devil, he was soon to understand Alastair Fox's look of repulsion.

"Smell what?" he asked.

"Oh, it hasn't a name—call it what you like—corruption, decay, cats . . . ."

"It *was* a cat, then?"

Fox laughed unpleasantly.

"Well, not exactly—no, not exactly a cat, but near enough—a darn sight too near for my liking. I'll tell you what, Walton—you don't catch me going any further on this tack. No, sir! It's too dangerous."

But by this time Walton had quite forgotten his scare. All he could think of now was that he had been on the brink of something . . . which hadn't quite come off. He worked himself up into a great state of excitement about the experience he had missed—by a fraction, he fancied. And finally he persuaded Alastair Fox—for £250 down—to arrange just one more séance on those lines.

Fox made it quite clear that he disclaimed all responsibility for what might happen. But Walton, by this time convinced that he was on the brink of at last finding what he wanted for his imaginary portrait of evil, merely urged him to go on with his preparations.

When the séance—poor Walton's last—did take place, everything went as before. But this time, of course, when the scuffling stopped and the mewing began, Walton wasn't frightened but merely keyed up.

Fox's cabalistic lingo reached an uneasy screech as before. It seemed to Walton as though the fellow was expostulating with the mewing thing—telling it not to come nearer. Fox was outclassed, however. Walton again had the feeling that a large, soft, boneless animal was trying to push itself along the floor, mewing frantically as it approached.

Fox suddenly gasped, "I can't—it's coming in—the lights, man!"

But Walton sat tight, determined to get his money's worth this time. The mewing was now much nearer, getting quite frantic. It seemed, too, as though it was losing its animal-ness with every push forward, to become much

more human, as though a human being was imitating a cat. Walton grew distinctly uneasy at that.

"The lights, man!" Fox gasped again—and then screamed, "Oh, God!"

Walton, by now quite unnerved, heard the fellow stampeding across the floor.

"What is it, Fox?" he yelled above the frantic mewing.

"Oh, my God!" Fox was sobbing. "Oh, my God!"

Walton could hear the fellow fumbling for the door. Then, as sharply as though cut with a knife, the mewing stopped. There was dead silence, except for Fox's gasping near the door.

Walton reacted sharply from his fright. He found he was very definitely annoyed. After all, what had he seen? The thing had fizzled out into nothing, as usual.

"Well," he grumbled, "I don't see what all the fuss is about."

"Oh, you don't see!" Fox mumbled vindictively, and switched on the lights.

Walton, at first blinded, could make out nothing but Fox himself, who had his hand on the door knob as though ready to slither out of the room. Then he followed the direction of the man's terrified eyes.

A young woman, mother-naked, was sitting cross-legged on the studio floor.

"Don't you move, now," Fox said to her idiotically. "Not a step—or I'll brain you!"

The thing grinned at him.

Walton, his hair on end, had started up from his chair. Gripping the back of it, he tried to collect his wits.

The woman looked from Fox to him. She was still grinning. Walton stared at her white animal-like teeth —sharp and pitiless—with horror. Then her face became impassive. She sat like an image, staring at Walton—a beautiful image.

He could get a clear impression of her now. Face and body, she was absolutely dead white. Her hair was shining black, very straight and long. Her face was the most perfectly formed oval Walton had ever seen; the features were faultless.

It was her eyes that were horrible. They were enormous, golden-green, slanting upward. Looking into them, for they fascinated him, Walton shuddered. It was like looking into the bottomless pits of hell.

Fox said, "Don't let it touch you! I'm not responsible if you do!"

"But what is it?" Walton managed to ask, still staring at the thing, which was following their talk with intelligent eyes—those ghastly slanting eyes. "What is it, man?"

"Don't stand there talking!" Fox snapped. "Come on. Get out while you can."

BUT Walton was fascinated. He did not want to move. He knew that he had found what he wanted; that this thing in the body of a woman was evil incarnate. The pitiless teeth and the loathsome eyes . . . what could they be but the ultimate symbols of wickedness?

"What are you going to do with it?" he whispered.

Fox pulled a revolver out of his pocket. "Kill it, of course—it's not human."

But he hadn't got that all out when the thing, baring its teeth in a frantic grimace of fury, leaped at him with animal-like suddenness. Fox screamed. The thing, chattering with rage, would have had its teeth in his throat if he hadn't managed to get round the door in time, banging it behind him. Walton heard him running downstairs, sobbing.

At first he could not grasp the horror of his own position. He backed away from her as she came at him, crouching. Then she leaped. He remembered screaming at the top of his voice, and trying to fight the thing off with his hands. Those teeth! Fighting, he had to shut his eyes against the loathsome expression on that white face. Then he remembered nothing but a sharp burning pain in his throat. Nausea made him feel violently sick. He must have passed out.

When he came round, he was lying on the floor. Involuntarily he put his hand to a stinging pain in his throat. She was sitting cross-legged near him, staring at him impassively. There was a fleck of blood on her full lips.

"O man," she said in a slow rasping voice, "you are my slave now. Get me clothes, and we shall go out together."

Walton felt as though all the strength had gone out of him. Staring stupidly at the woman, all he could think was that she was the one and only perfect subject for his portrait. He rose unsteadily to his feet, managed to find some clothes in the house—taking no notice of the questions Fox shouted out from behind his locked bedroom door—and brought them back to the woman.

"Who are you?" he managed to ask.

She grinned up at him. He waited with a shiver to hear, issuing from that flawless face, the slow rasping cannibal-like voice.

"O man, you will know everything," she told him. "I shall teach you much. Now let us leave this place."

Walton, moving as though his body did not belong to him, took her to his studio.

IV

ONE afternoon (Colonel Tarrant continued) I got an urgent message from Perry Walton to go and see him. That was twelve hours before he killed himself.

The instant I saw him I was convinced that his mind was deranged. He looked—well, cracked. His manner, too, was decidedly queer. For one thing, he wouldn't come near me to shake my hand, but stood a good ten yards away at the other end of the studio.

His first words were:

"Do you smell anything?"

I didn't, of course. But I did my best, sniffing around so as to soothe him.

Then he showed me his last portrait—a woman's head. It made me gasp, I can tell you. All I could think was that if Walton really had gone off his head, he had gone off it to some purpose.

The portrait was by miles the best thing he had ever done. Nothing but genius—misguided, disordered, what you like—could have created that effect of horror and repulsion.

That woman's face, dead white, perfect in every feature, stared out at one from the canvas like a lovely animal with a soul from hell. I tell you, no man could look into those slanting eyes without wanting to run away and say his prayers. After Walton's death nothing was found of that foul work of genius but a few strips of canvas.

My repulsion must have been apparent enough as I turned my back on the portrait.

"Who is she?" I asked.

Then Walton told me this story, exactly as I have told it to you. He ended up by saying that since her appearance the woman had been living in the studio. He had sent away his servants.

And again he asked me if I smelled anything.

Of course, I neither smelled anything nor believed a word of his rigmarole. I did not for a moment think that the woman had been called up from the nethermost shades by the black arts of Mr. Alastair Fox. The only nethermost shades whence she *could* have come were those of poor Walton's diseased imagination.

But there was this to be said for his story—there the portrait was, as evidence of the woman's existence.

I could only conclude that he had come across her in some low haunt—he knew them all, did Walton—had been attracted by her baleful eyes, and had then spun this yarn round her to lend color to his crazy notion about painting evil incarnate.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[O CHIVALRY
Continued from page seventeen]

Naturally, in the state he was in it was not easy to tell him he was in urgent need of a mental specialist to clear the rubbish out of his system.

To begin with, I asked if I might see the woman. He looked at me with dilated eyes.

"I kicked her out last night," he said hoarsely.

At that, I'm afraid I couldn't help being facetious. One needed, you can understand, some comic relief.

"Won't she," I asked, "coming from the other world, find some difficulty in getting the hang of this? I mean . . . money, a place to live in, so on."

He seemed to think I had said something idiotic. He brushed my question away.

"Oh, that's nothing to her. You don't know what you're up against, Tarrant."

"I?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, you—all mankind!" he burst out. "God, if I'd only had the courage to kill her! Don't you *see*, Tarrant? There she is now, wandering about the world, hungry to destroy . . . a destroyer of human beings. Can't you understand what that means? If I could only find words to describe the wickedness she exudes . . . the loathsomeness . . . what I've seen these last ten days! You remember my Irish terrier? She tortured it slowly—and I couldn't do a thing!"

Suddenly he tore away his collar and showed me his throat.

"There, that mark! . . . And from that moment I was hers, body and soul."

If I hadn't been so sorry for him I should have laughed. There was nothing at all on his throat—nothing but the mark of his collar stud.

I begged him to take an old friend's advice and go to a doctor that very afternoon. I offered to go with him then and there. I as good as told him that the only place for him during the next few weeks was a home for mental cases.

He did not even pretend he was listening. He just went on pacing up and down, always at a good distance away, for fear, I gathered, of contaminating me. And every now and then he would hold his hands to his nose and then drop them with a grimace of intolerable disgust.

"The smell!" he muttered. "That's the worst part—this awful, never-ceasing smell. It's oily, man, do you get that? An oily smell, coming from one's own body. Try it, and see how you like it. I tell you, Tarrant, I've got to end it. To be so loathsome to oneself—to stink in one's own nostrils—corruption, decay, oiliness—to carry that with one all through life—it's enough to drive any man to destroy himself."

"Absolute nonsense!" I exclaimed impatiently. "Get your mind off that, Walton. Believe me, the smell is nowhere but in your own imagination. Come out and dine with me tonight and you will be all the better for it. You and your vampires and your smells!"

HE dropped into a chair a good ten yards from me. He was dead beat, poor devil.

"You needn't believe all this now, Tarrant—you will sometime. Thank you for listening. But I would like to say this. If anything happens to me, get hold of Alastair Fox and ask him about this. That is, if he hasn't skedaddled.

"Find out this evil thing, Tarrant, and then stamp on it, wipe it out. I tell you, she is the enemy of the human race. I'm not mad or romancing—really I'm not. And she is not alone. Get that into your head. There are several others like her in the world today—greater, more powerful, less crude, less obviously horrible. She told me that last night when she was gloating over the fact that I'd have to kill myself.

"Tarrant, find out these lost souls from hell and wipe them out. They have only one desire—to destroy the human race. There are very few of them, but they've got their teeth—God, those teeth!—into everything—politics, finance, chemicals. They almost destroyed the world once, in 1914. They will do it thoroughly next time. The worst passions of mankind incarnate—that's all they are. And this thing with the woman's face is the least of them, but the crudest, and therefore the most disgusting. Oh God, how loathsome!

"Kill her first of all, Tarrant. Then watch out for the others—watch out, I tell you. I swear to you that if I could live, I'd give my life to hunting them out!"

The man was raving. What could I do? I left him, determined to come back with my servant Fleming—a hefty fellow, as you know—to see that he came to no mischief until I could find the right specialist for a case like his. That evening Fleming and I hammered at his door for half an hour, but got no answer. I supposed the poor devil had gone for a walk along the Embankment to clear his head. We went back early the next morning. He had been found dead a few hours before.

V

"THE story has points of interest," said Roger Byrrh, weighing his words, "but of course it's all my eye."

Valentine Prest gave a sharp laugh and moved uneasily in his deep chair.

"Poor old Walton! He must have been as mad as a hatter."

Byrrh was looking thoughtfully at Tarrant.

"The point is," he said slowly, "has anything been seen of the woman since? What about that, Tarrant?"

Valentine Prest appeared to be suffering from impatience. He rose jerkily to his feet.

"Well, I'm for a drink—how about that? As for the woman, Byrrh, of course nothing has been seen of her since. She never existed outside of Perry Walton's imagination."

"But here's a man," said Byrrh, never taking his pale blue eyes off Tarrant, "who saw the portrait."

"What of it? Those things can be faked—or perhaps Walton had got hold of some queer-looking model!"

"She was no model," Tarrant said. "For last night I saw the woman."

Valentine Prest gave a queer gasp and sat down again. Byrrh glanced at him impatiently, as though to say this was no time for an exhibition of artistic nerves.

"At a theater," Tarrant continued. "I recognized her from the portrait at once. One couldn't very well forget that face—particularly the dead-white skin and the slanting golden-green eyes. She was with a young man I know slightly—young Essling."

He paused thoughtfully.

"Well?" snapped Byrrh.

"I must admit," Tarrant went on, "that I didn't get any definite impression of . . . wickedness. But I saw no more than her profile. A remarkable-looking young woman, as everyone in the stalls around her seemed to think. It looked as though young Essling was very taken with her. Naturally, with Perry Walton's mad story in my head, I was . . . disturbed.

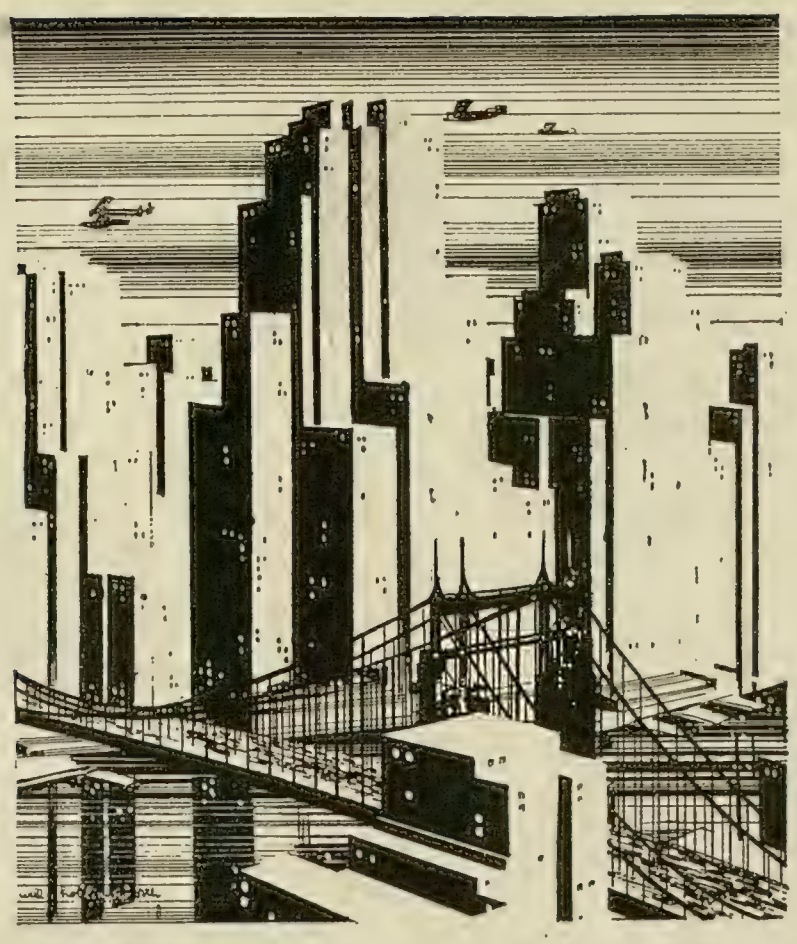
"I took the liberty of following them from the theater. They went to a house in one of those quiet little streets in Hampstead, near the Heath—a very small house with a neglected garden.

"I parked my car some way off and paced about in front. Young Essling had paid off his taxi. I tell you, the thing didn't look good to me.

"Even less so in about half an hour, when the door of the house was flung open and Essling rushed out like a madman. Before the door was closed behind him a laugh reached me out in the street which was—well, let's call it ghastly.

"Essling rushed right at me, holding his throat. But he didn't seem to see me. He had to pass plumb under a lamp, so there was no mistaking the expression on his face. It was—well, the same as Walton's when he was found dead. He scooted past, holding his throat.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]



MARCHING ON TO GREATER THINGS

Once more Buick is on the verge of introducing a new Buick car. And this year there is special significance in the time-proved phrase,

"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

Ask almost any motorist, "What is Buick going to do in the near future?" And his reply will be substantially as follows:

"They are going to present a new Buick—and I am eager to see and drive it—because Buick is recognized as the standard of value."

This sentiment prevails—not only in New York, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles—but in every town, big and small, throughout the length and breadth of America.

Motorists display a special, almost proprietary, interest in Buick. They invariably attend Buick showrooms in record numbers to see a new Buick product. And they come with the confident expectation that they will find a new standard of value—

—because Buick has set the standard, year after year, for a quarter of a century . . . because each new Buick has proved a better Buick than its fine predecessor . . . and because this record of progress has so gripped public imagination that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200; and all have implicit faith that "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

The makers of Buick have taken more than ordinary pains to merit this confidence in designing Buick for 1930. It will be on display soon. To view the car will be to confirm your own conviction that Buick is marching on to greater things.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

I chased him, of course, but soon lost him in one of those small turnings leading to the Heath."

Valentine Prest, his face quite white, started up from his chair.

"I'm going to have a drink," he said, and left them abruptly.

There was a pause, while the two older men stared after him thoughtfully.

As Byrrh turned back to Tarrant there was a look of something like contempt in his pale eyes.

"You needn't tell me what I *should* have done, Byrrh," Tarrant went on. "I should have gone back to that house and insisted on seeing the woman, whoever she is. You have my leave to call me a coward. But I felt that one needed company for such . . . experiments. That look on young Essling's face was decidedly unsettling."

Byrrh said: "Heard anything of him since? Made inquiries?"

Valentine Prest came back and threw himself moodily into a chair.

"I rang up his flat this morning," Tarrant told Byrrh. "His valet says he hasn't seen him since he went out to the theater last night. But he says Essling must have come back sometime in the night—though he didn't sleep in—because he had changed from his dress suit into some old tweeds. That's all the valet knows."

Prest, with twitching lips, snapped:

"Look here, Tarrant, no offense—but I've never heard a yarn that struck me as so utterly daft. I'm positive that woman can be easily enough explained."

Tarrant said: "The house agent at Hampstead who let her the house thought so, too. I called on him this morning and made cautious inquiries. The house agent fancied she must have some Oriental blood in her—but perfectly respectable. She has been in the house a month and has another month to run. She keeps no servant. A charwoman comes in every morning for an hour or two to clean up. Apparently she does her own cooking.

"The house agent did not know where she came from before taking this house. All her luggage was brand-new. He had not pressed her for references, as she had paid in advance. She lived very quietly and had no visitors—by day, at least. Her name in his books is Holland—Miss Carlotta Holland."

"There you are!" said Valentine Prest.

"As you say," said Byrrh grimly, "what could be fairer than that? Good old-fashioned name, Holland. In the meanwhile, however, it would be interesting to hear Essling's opinion of Miss Holland."

"Exactly," said Tarrant, "if we can only find him."

"I'LL tell you one thing," said Prest sharply. "I don't know Essling, and I don't intend to begin prying into his private affairs. Perhaps he is fond of the woman."

"All the more reason," said Tarrant quietly, "for warning him against her—if it's not too late."

"Oh, hell and damnation!" snapped Prest. "I'm fed to the teeth with this other-world stuff. Come and have lunch."

"Personally," Roger Byrrh confided to Tarrant, "I am interested in the story. Maybe it's all my eye—maybe it isn't. I should certainly like a little serious conversation with Miss Holland."

"I don't mind admitting," said Tarrant, "that I'm not so eager for it as all that."

"You're not scared of a woman!" said Roger Byrrh, bursting out into an uproarious laugh. "Well, I'm going to call on Miss Carlotta Holland this afternoon."

"You're not," said Tarrant. "We shall call on her together. But you must wait till my plans are ready. And let's try to find young Essling first."

NEXT WEEK

Garbo

The Mystery of Hollywood

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

It was arranged that Byrrh and Prest should dine with Tarrant at 9 o'clock that evening at his flat.

VI

WHEN the two guests arrived, however, Tarrant was not there to greet them. They waited more than half an hour. When at last Tarrant came in, they could see at a glance that he was suppressing some violent emotion.

"Essling," he said, "has been found—hanging from a tree in Kensington Gardens."

"That clinches it," snapped Byrrh after a horrified pause. "We call on the woman tonight."

"I'm ready," said Tarrant coldly.

Valentine Prest was white to the lips.

"But what can we *do* to her?" he stammered.

Tarrant was looking at Byrrh as though for a lead.

"Do?" Roger Byrrh repeated contemptuously. "What was that fellow Fox going to do to her? It's not taking human life, is it?"

"I think you're right," said Tarrant thoughtfully.

Valentine Prest laughed shakily.

"All I can say is," he said, "I shall want a jolly good dinner first. Got revolvers, Tarrant?"

"Leave all that to me," said Tarrant.

It was past 11 when the three men drove to Hampstead in Tarrant's car. The small house with the neglected garden showed no lights. Tarrant ran the car very quietly almost to the gate.

"The police," he explained in a whisper, "won't think anything fishy is going on if there's a car at the door. We shall have to break in."

"But suppose she's not at home," said Prest with some relief.

"We've waited for ladies before, haven't we?" snapped Byrrh.

There was no difficulty in effecting an entrance through a window at the back of the little house. They found themselves in a diminutive kitchen.

"Look here," Byrrh whispered, "isn't a revolver going to wake the neighborhood?"

"I've thought of all that," said Tarrant. "You can leave that side of it to me. I've got a knife with me. Now, quietly. She is either in bed asleep, or she hasn't come in yet. Quietly."

He went first, very softly. On the first landing there were but two doors. Scarcely breathing, they gave ear to the silence and distinguished the faint stir of breathing from behind the door on the right.

Tarrant opened it very gently. In the faint lamplight from the street they could just make out a woman in the bed.

She started up, her great eyes glowing balefully.

"Oh God!" gasped Prest.

Then Tarrant did a curious thing. Roger Byrrh was craning his head round the door. Tarrant put his hand suddenly on Byrrh's shoulder and pushed him into the room. Then he calmly closed the door to and turned the key from the outside. Byrrh, alone with the woman, shouted out hoarsely.

Prest stared at Tarrant with horror-struck eyes. Tarrant smiled grimly.

"My God!" Prest stammered. "What have you done, man? It's murder!"

"Listen," said Tarrant.

Prest, his ear to the door, listened.

"Take it easy, dearie," a cockney voice was saying. "I'm being given five quid for this job. You won't stand in the way of a poor girl's living, would you?"

"Who are you?" Byrrh shouted.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Real cleanliness makes friends everywhere

Our friends choose us just as we choose them now-a-days . . . not because we happen to live next door, but because we are the kind of people they really want to know.

And what suggests most plainly the sort of people we are? Does anything count more than cleanliness? . . . or the lack of it?

Mothers know how true this is

Every mother knows, when she stops to think of it, that *she sets the standard of cleanliness* for *all* her family. Of course it's a responsibility. But isn't it an opportunity as well? . . . a chance for her to help decide in no small fashion and in a *hundred* little ways, the friends they'll make, the fun they'll have, and the successes . . . individually, and as a family?

You can't expect them to

Children only want to play, eat, play. But they must learn to play, *wash*, eat, play, *wash*.

You know the saying, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." By example and direction, mother, first of all, must be a good twig bender.

Then there's father

Does father get a fresh, clean change of clothes every morning? . . . and his fair chance at the tub or shower? He should. Someone should *see* that he does. Never before has real cleanliness been so important to the man who wants to get ahead.

It's really rather astonishing

Mother should be an *expert* in this matter of cleanliness . . . in scheduling it for the family . . . and in achieving it, efficiently. For think how much of her job has to do with nothing else: baths for baby; bathing and handwashing regulations for the older children (to say nothing of face-washing); clean clothes, plenty of them, for everybody; a clean house for everyone; clean towels, clean sheets, clean table-linen, clean dishes, clean food.

It's the very essence of mother's work, real cleanliness . . . and has enormously to do with the health, happiness and success of every *one* of us!

Two things more . . . very important

To never quite *catch up* with cleanliness, in your home or with respect to your *own* appearance, is to be thought of as a poor manager.

So there are two things more that mother must do: she must insist on having all the mechanical and labor-saving aids to cleanliness the family can afford; and she must demand time for her own daily bath, for keeping her hands and hair nice, her complexion clear, her clothes always fresh and attractive.

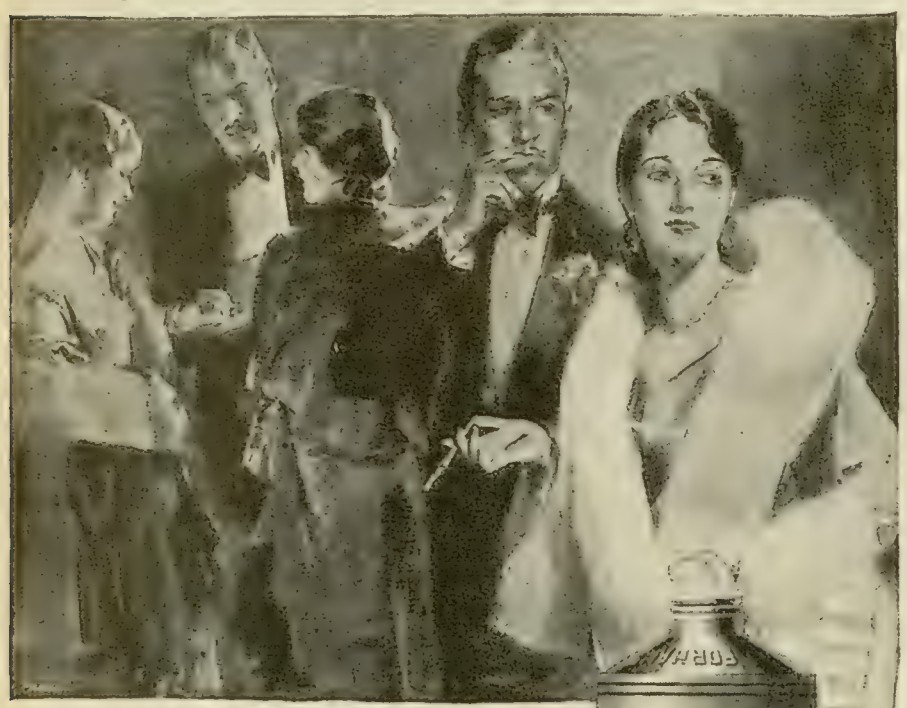
Real cleanliness does make friends everywhere, and for everyone. And like so many other of the substantial things in life, real cleanliness begins at home . . . is engineered by mother.

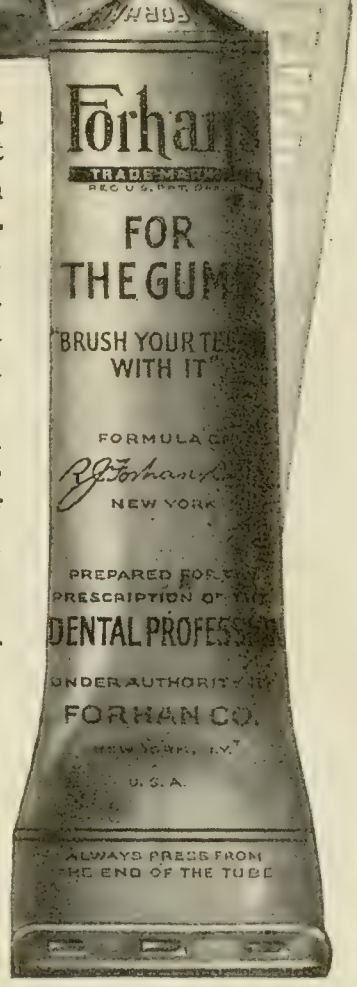
Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

Are White Teeth Impostors?

4 out of 5 say, "yes!"

Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger





NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.

But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best result, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note an improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound.

Prevention is better than cure, so add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary tooth paste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

"I'm quite respectable, dearie, though you do see me in bed. Just grin and bear it, dearie."

Valentine Prest, dumb with stupefaction, followed Tarrant down the stairs and out of the house.

"But what about Walton's suicide?" he stammered.

"He killed himself because he was bankrupt. He had lost his market, painting those fantastic things."

"And Essling?"

"I got the name from the telephone book."

Outside in the street there was another car drawn up behind Tarrant's.

"Turned out to be quite a party," Prest said shakily.

AS they approached the second car a lady in evening dress stepped out, followed by an elderly gentleman. She looked anxious. Tarrant introduced the lady to Prest as Mrs. Byrrh.

"I'm glad to see you have brought your lawyer along, Sheila," Tarrant said. "Evening, Mr. Preston. It's all right, Sheila. He's fixed. Very compromising situation. There are two servants in the house—an ex-soldier and his wife—and he will let Byrrh out in good time. Plenty of witnesses, you see. With this against him, he won't try to divorce you again in a hurry. Now let's all go and have some supper."

Running toward London in the car, Tarrant said:

"Good fellow, old Byrrh—among men. Gallant, too. First-class fellow. Fearless as a lion—or a Pekingese. I knew the only way to get him was to pitch him a yarn that would have scared any other fellow. Lot of good points, old Byrrh. But . . . well, inconsiderate to his wife.

"He has been a thoroughly unfaithful husband for years. Well, that's his business. But lately he had the bad taste to tell his wife he had been having her watched and was going to divorce her—for nothing, mark you. Damned impudence.

"Chivalry, Prest—that's the thing. Can't have too much of it. Look how chivalrous old Byrrh is going to be to his wife on this divorce question from tonight onward. He will live to thank us yet, will old Byrrh."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

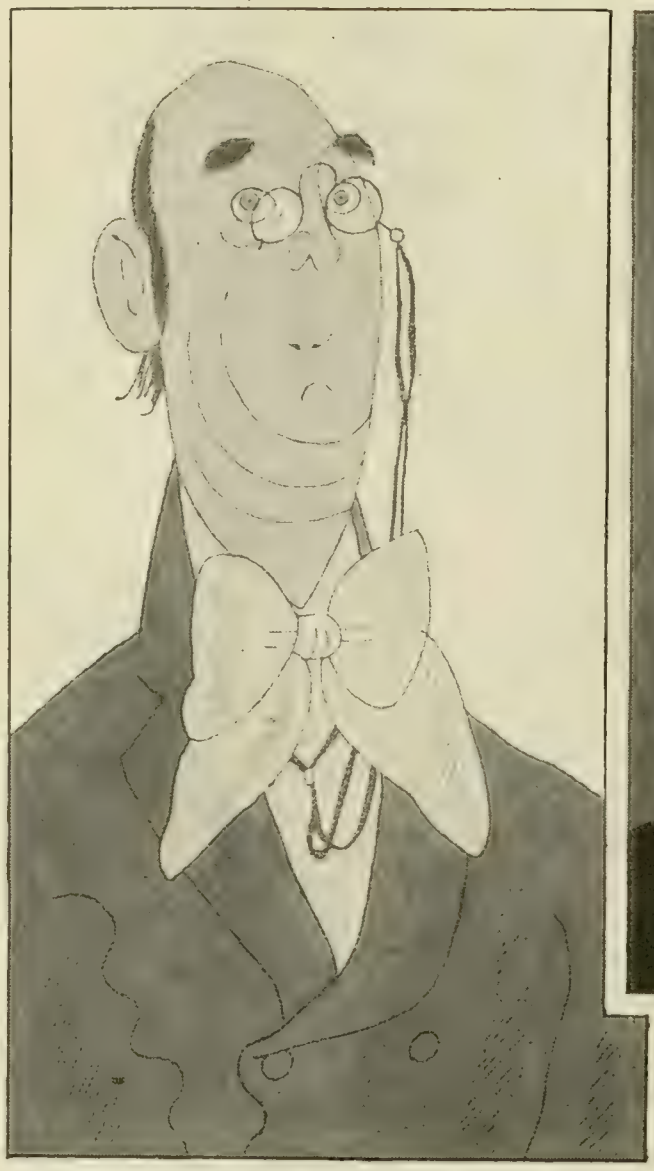
1—What is common to the words cumulus, stratus, cirrus, and nimbus?
2—Over what distance is the Kentucky Derby run?
3—Where is the Bay of Biscay?
4—Who said, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath"?
5—What is the capital of Tennessee; Texas; Utah?
6—What was the only track event won by the United States in the 1928 Olympic Games?
7—What is the longest and largest bone in the human skeleton?
8—What island was the place of Napoleon's first exile?
9—What is German silver?
10—With what sport are Horton Smith, Joe Turnesa, and George von Elm identified?
11—What are Dalmatian dogs frequently called?
12—In what year and by whom was the first nonstop transatlantic flight made?
13—At what large eastern university are there no Greek-letter societies (fraternities)?
14—Where is the Garden of the Gods?
15—What troops in the World War were called the Ladies from Hell?
16—Is the statute mile of 5,280 feet longer or shorter than the nautical mile?
17—What party won the last general election in Great Britain?
18—In what city was the Scopes "evolution" trial held?
19—Who wrote the Divine Comedy?
20—Who was called Old Rough and Ready? Old Hickory?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-two.)

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

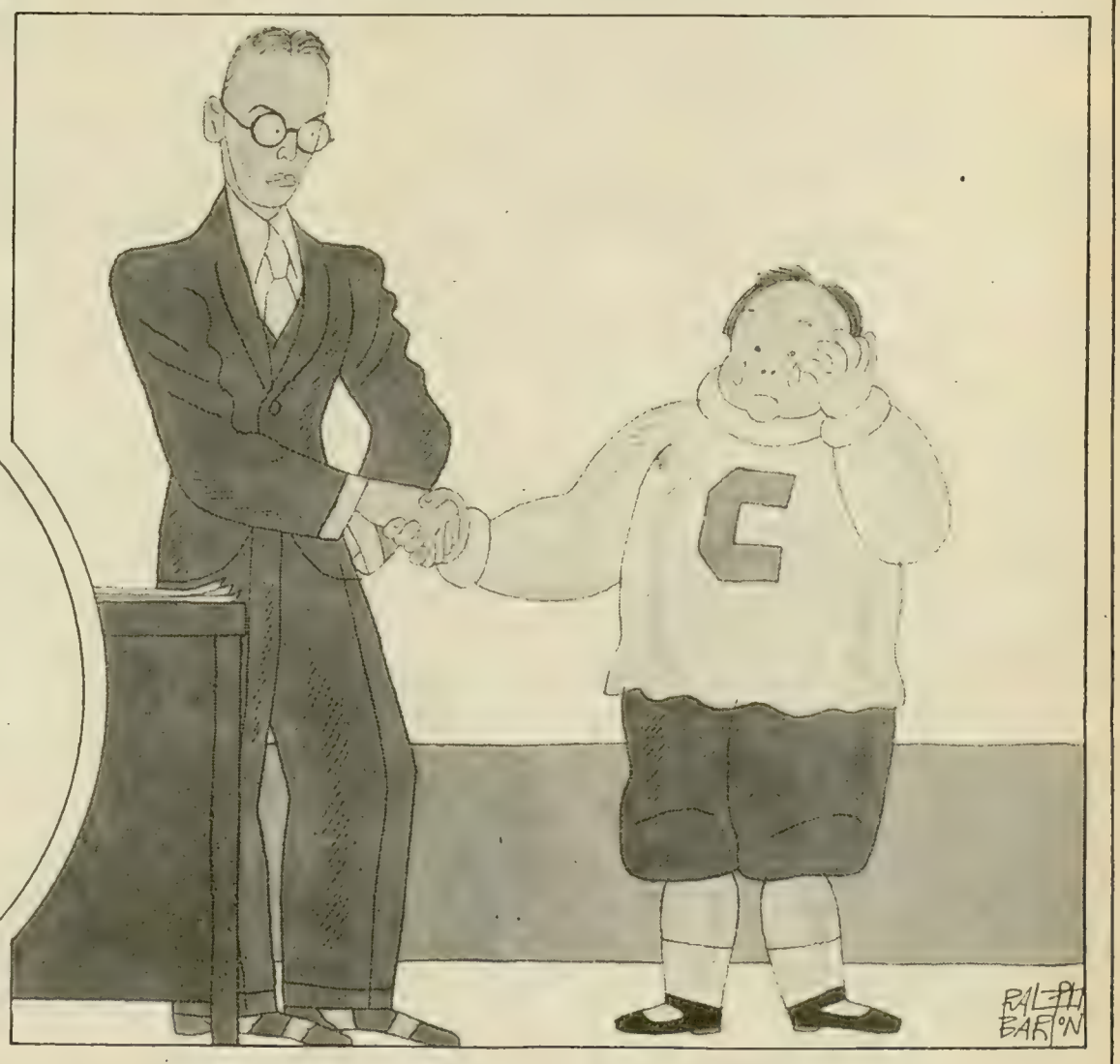
By RALPH BARTON



THE SPREAD OF LIBERALISM. The Rev. Hurtlebutton Bogg officially announces that he does not believe that one cigarette on Saturday night is immediately followed by delirium tremens, provided the mouth is at once rinsed with some effective disinfectant.

SOUND TRAVELING AT THE RATE OF 1,100 feet per second, while light travels at the rate of 186,324 miles per second, the words "I love you!" reach the upper galleries of our larger movie cathedrals during the divorce scene.

CENTRAL AMERICAN PATRIOT who hasn't spoken for thirty years observing two-minute silences on anniversaries of his country's armistices.



TOUCHING SCENE IN THE STUDY OF DR. ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, thirty-year-old president of the University of Chicago, as the coach of the football team is retired on an old-age pension.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Till 10 o'clock Louise and Billy danced to the Victrola music.

"GOD, you're sweet, Lillian!"

"Well, what would you like to do about it?"

"Have you for my own."

"Your wife would never give you up."

"Oh, I know. That's out of the question."

The girl was Lillian Cory. She worked at a handkerchief counter and slept in a bedroom on a court.

The man was Hubert Scott. He had sold his business for $15,000. Pretty good, he thought. And he could spend every cent of it, if he wanted to, for his wife, Helen, had plenty of cash. Enough for herself and their grown son besides. High hat, both of 'em. Thought they were the bee's hips. Treated him like dirt. He'd show 'em.

He did. Every evening was his evening out, now. He had met a girl who liked to ride with him in a Packard. It wasn't his bus, but Lillian thought it was. It was Helen's. She had a newer car and she'd said he could use the Packard. Well, it was as good as his and he took Lillian and her friends round in it. There was Billy Fisher, a paint salesman, and his girl, Louise Casey, and there was Anna Leitz and her Fred. Neither couple was married. Just free and easy. There were swell parties.

Lillian was a bit free, too. She had had her first sidestep when she was sixteen, but there'd been nobody for a long time now. Not till she met Hubert. Well, he was ready to settle down, rent a little apartment, and lead the double life. But Lillian hesitated. She lived with the Friedrich sisters, had promised to stand one-third of the expense, and didn't want to break her word.

However, the sisters broke theirs. They first leased a place for two—then told her. She answered them rather wildly by assuring them that everything was all right—that it was going to be Sunday, for her, from then on.

PART FOUR—THE LOVE NEST

LILLIAN took Louise apartment hunting with her. To take a girl friend along when transacting any sort of business is a well known and highly efficient means of killing two birds with one stone. The renting agent mentions the price of the apartment and you say, "Well, of course, that doesn't matter so long as I like the place." That impresses the girl friend. The girl friend remarks that it is pretty far from the subway and you say, "That doesn't matter, as we don't have to go downtown in the mornings and, besides, we'll have the cars." That impresses the renting agent.

Also, when a girl friend is with you, you are not afraid of the renting agent. You have nerve enough to ask if there is plenty of heat and hot water and if the halls and stairs are well kept. You wouldn't dare ask that if you were alone. The girl friend gives you confidence in your own importance, for, ever since you showed your utter indifference to the rent, she has been regarding you with respect.

Lillian selected an apartment. It was in Inwood because it hadn't occurred to Lillian that one would look anywhere else. It was a nice apartment. Three rooms. Seventy-five dollars. Louise thought it was an outrageous price and said so. Lillian said she didn't think it was much.

"But, look," Louise protested, "you and the Friedrichs had four rooms for sixty."

"Yes, but that was a terrible place."

"It wasn't bad."

"No, it was worse."

Lillian stood looking over her new home. Of course it's hard to judge an empty place, but anyone could see that this would make up great. The living room was square. It had two windows, two wall brackets, two outlets, and a ceiling light. Not a hanging chandelier. This place was swell. The fixture was brass and it occurred to Lillian you could put orange bulbs in it. The windows looked out on a garden court. Trees and fountains and everything. Gee, pretty!

Anna cried and Hubert slept. Lillian sat watching her friends dance.

She walked into the bedroom. It was large. Twelve feet if it was an inch. You could put the bed there, right by the windows. These windows looked out on the court, too. Even Theresa would say this was a lovely room when Lillian got through with it. The bathroom was right next door. Dandy shower. And everything so nice and sparkling white. Gee, a built-in medicine chest. Pretty snappy-looking. Of course, kitchens were just kitchens. But this one seemed a little out of the ordinary. You could see the street from its window and the gas stove was white. Lillian wasn't sure that a white gas stove was practical. Well, time would tell.

THERE was plenty of closet space. Two small closets and one huge one. A nice, large foyer. And the whole place stippled in cream color. A peach of a place.

"And your name?" asked the renting agent.

"Cory. Mrs. Hubert Cory."

"All right, Mrs. Cory. I'll give you a receipt for the deposit right away. Now, what day will you be coming in?"

"As soon as I can get my furniture. You see, I'm buying everything new for the apartment. I'll go shopping tomorrow and let you know what day they can get the stuff in, and that day I'll be in."

"All right, Mrs. Cory. Thank you."

Lillian and Louise left the building. They walked slowly through the court as Lillian wanted to admire the trees and shrubs.

"They seem to be nicely kept," she remarked to Louise. "I hate them when they get all wild-looking, don't you?"

"Yes, they look terrible then. This place is sure classy-looking, Lillian. I'll bet you'll have nice neighbors here. See, the rent is so high it'll keep out the riffraff."

"Gee, I wish it wasn't Sunday. I feel like going down to buy my furniture."

"Where'll you get it?"

"I don't know yet."

"You going to get it on time?"

"No. That's a nuisance. You always have to remember to stay home to pay the collector and all that. I couldn't be annoyed. Can you go with me to get the stuff?"

"Gee, I don't know. I ought to go to work."

"Oh, the hell with work."

"All right, I'll go with you."

LILLIAN hailed a taxi. She and Louise had to join Billy and Hubert back at 144th Street. Hubert had preferred staying with Billy to looking for an apartment. He and Lillian hadn't really intended to see Billy and Louise till the following Sunday, but when Lillian told Hubert that she was taking him up on his offer that had changed everything.

Billy still felt the effects of the night before, but, outside of the fact that she didn't feel like eating, Louise was completely recovered. She and Lillian had to tell the men all about the apartment. Mrs. Fisher was present, so they pretended that Hubert's interest was of the most impersonal sort. Mrs. Fisher permitted them to play their little game.

The evening was not eventful. The four had dinner in an Italian restaurant in Fordham and afterwards went to Keith's. Hubert drove Billy and Louise home. They had a few drinks upstairs, then separated for the night; Louise promising faithfully to be ready when Lillian came for her next day.

"Aren't you going to work tomorrow, no fooling?" Billy asked Louise.

"No. Let them dock me for a day. I gotta help Lillian furnish her apartment, don't I?"

Billy turned to Lillian. "And what about you? Ain't you ever going back again?"

"Nope."

"Don't they owe you for a couple of days?"

"Oh, I should carry my hips down there for a few days' pay. I can't be annoyed."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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RUN DOWN, FAGGED
OUT, CONSTIPATED AND
IN FACT

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KEPT

[Continued from page twenty-five]

"Jees, you dames are independent. What are we going to do with them, Scotty, if we can't make them work for us?"

Hubert laughed. "I guess we'll have to support them, Billy.

"The joke's on you. I'm broke."

Lillian got Hubert to stop at a news stand and buy all the Sunday papers that remained at this late hour. She sat up in bed till 3 o'clock reading the furniture ads. The Friedrich sisters could hear her rattling the papers and they wondered.

"Maybe she's looking for a furnished room," Rose whispered.

"I don't know," Sylvia returned. "I have a feeling that she's pulling a fast one."

Louise was ready when Lillian came for her next day. They started out at once. Lillian knew now just where she wanted to go for her furniture. The girls sat back in the taxi smoking and talking.

"Gee, it feels funny not to be at work," Louise said.

"It feels great."

"Yeh, but I'll be back tomorrow."

"Oh, go on. I can't get my shopping all done in one day. You'll have to help me. I'll make good what you lose at the office."

"I wouldn't let you do that."

"Don't be silly."

"Gee, you are wonderful, Lillian. I never knew anybody as decent as you are about things."

"Well, I need you with me."

"What for? I'm no use. You have better taste than I have."

"Now, never mind."

"I don't like to go in. She's always bawling."

LILLIAN didn't want to tell Louise that she needed her mainly to testify to the fact that the furniture was purchased on a strictly cash basis.

On Third Avenue a few blocks below 125th Street the furniture was selected. Bedroom suite. It was mahogany. The man said so. One hundred and forty-nine dollars. It had little flowers painted on it. One little flower for each piece of furniture. Lillian could have had a suite for $122.50. But as she said to Louise, "Why be cheap?"

Lillian didn't want a rug for the bedroom because the floors in the new apartment were beautiful and, besides, Louise's room looked lovely without one. But Theresa would look at the room and say nothing if it didn't have a rug and Anna would think it was because Lillian couldn't afford one.

She bought a rug. Sixty bucks. Good rugs cost like the devil, but you've got something for your money when you get a good one. She bought a lamp with a pink georgette shade, a chair with a pink satin covering, a large Maxfield Parrish print, and the bedroom was finished — except, of course, for curtains and knickknacks. Oh, yes, a pink bed light, please. The large one with the glass fringe. Yes, that one.

THE living room now. Lillian almost hated to start on the living room. It takes so much to furnish one. A person doesn't realize until they go to do it.

Well, one of those three-piece suites. Couch and two chairs. That one with the tapestry was cute. But brown. Oh, in red also? That is cute. Oh, for heaven's sakes. It opens and makes a bed. Well, that's a good idea. Many a time Billy and Louise would be staying. And those chairs were comfortable. A hundred and ninety-eight dollars for the three pieces. A couple of straight-back chairs, too. Windsor chairs, Lillian supposed they were called. Yes, they'd do. Two of them.

Ash-receiver stands. Oh, that one. The wooden one painted like a little colored fellow in uniform was cute. Was the ash tray in his hands detachable? Oh, of course. How stupid. Well, that and another one. That plain one would be all right.

A gate-leg table. Seat eight? Eight what? Oh, go on. Six would have a hard time getting around it. Now, that was something like it. All right. Sure, a rug. Eighty-five dollars! Good God. But it *was* pretty. These flower pots in it were almost the same shade as the upholstery on the furniture.

Two lamps, please. A bridge and the other kind. Piano? Gosh, no, there's nobody who plays. Oh, piano *lamp?* Of course. How dumb. Oh, look at that cute thing to put ornaments in. What? Oh, it's a bookcase? Well, for heaven's sake. Isn't it large? Positively huge. No, I get them from the circulating library.

A table and two chairs for the

kitchen, please. White? Certainly. Oh, really? Well, let me see them in green. Well, isn't that cute? With green linoleum and all, that will be adorable.

My God, what next? Colored tables and chairs for the kitchen. I'll be-darned. Oh, a few pictures for the living room. That one of the girl on the balcony is sweet. That one and the one with the bunch of trees on it.

Oh, dishes, too. Do you have them here? Well, they'll have them uptown. What? Oh, don't the spring and mattress come with the bed? Well, just send a soft one and two soft pillows. Pink ticking, please. Well, it would be silly to pay it all today. Maybe the firm wouldn't deliver promptly once they had the money. Half now. How would that be? The other half to be paid on delivery.

LILLIAN opened her bag and drew out five clean, rustling $100 bills. Louise stared and the furniture salesman tried not to.

"What does half amount to?" Lillian asked him.

He retreated to a corner and, leaning against an upstanding rolled rug, began his calculations. It took him some time, but when he returned he was able to speak with authority.

"Half will be three hundred and twenty-one dollars and seventy-five cents, madam."

"That's half, is it?" asked Lillian. She eyed with disdain her five crisp bills. "A man is crazy," she said, "to think you can furnish an apartment on five hundred dollars."

She handed four bills to the salesman, who scurried away with them lest she change her mind.

"And you haven't got curtains or dishes or knives and forks yet," Louise remarked. "And kitchen things. You know, egg beaters and things like that."

"Oh, it'll cost him easily a thousand dollars to furnish the kind of home I want," Lillian said.

Her change arrived and the girls were bowed obsequiously from the store. The salesman thanked Lillian profusely. She was the first cash customer the store had had since 1909.

"Oh, I'm exhausted," Lillian said. She wasn't at all. She felt exhilarated and excited. Fancy being able to spend that much money in a few hours! She felt tall and haughty. She wished that she had remembered to wear gloves.

"I feel lost without my gloves," she said to Louise. "I'll have to get a pair. Let's go in here."

A young lady with a very white face and a very brown neck asked if Lillian wished something in chamoisette. A dollar ninety-eight. Best quality. Sells for three dollars, would you believe it, downtown.

"Have you something better?"

"Better? There's nothing better than a Stein & Goldfogel chamoisette."

"I wanted kid."

"Oh, kid. Black? White?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

She Was Blind—But Her Friend Made Her See!

Could you have helped her with your story? Are you one of those who know this great secret? Then let us hear from you.

She was a girl who had good features—but her skin was sallow and yellowish. She had a good education—but she never felt like talking. She was a good dancer—but she never wanted to go out. Blind, she was, to the beauties of life and happiness. Then her friend told her the secret. Told her what was keeping her back. Told her she was poisoning herself every day. No wonder she was low in her mind—no wonder she had "the blues." No wonder she had "no pep." Once she learned the secret, she became a different girl. Health brought her happiness, as it always does. She learned to clean the poisons out of her body—we all have them—and mother nature did the rest.

If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your whole outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which the human body needs as much as any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is non-fattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, "down in the mouth."

A world's heavyweight boxing champion has taken Nujol for the past seven years. If he needs it you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly—but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

TRUE STORIES

wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, success, good looks, seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who have enjoyed the health of Nujol regularity prior to the opening of this contest we offer 110 prizes as follows:

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Second prize $500 Third prize $250
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Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if you wish. Contest open to physicians giving either their own or a patient's experience. Give full name and address—and state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November 1, 1929. Address:

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[KEPT
Continued from page twenty-seven]

Lillian reflected. "White."

"Here, four and a half, regular price. Take them for four dollars."

"That's too much," said Louise.

That was all Lillian needed to hear. "Why, that's reasonable, Louise. I'll take two pairs. And a pair for my friend here. What size do you wear, Lou?"

"Now, don't be silly. Why should you buy me gloves? Six and a quarter I wear. But, please, don't be like that, Lillian. I'll be mad at you."

The girls fitted on their new gloves in the taxicab.

"What will Hubert say when he hears how much money you've spent? And these gloves for me. I'll bet he'll be mad."

"He'd better not be."

LOUISE'S glance was one of deepest admiration. If she had a man with money she'd be scared stiff to make him sore. But, gee, Lillian was independent.

"I've got to see about the telephone and gas and electricity," said Lillian, "but I guess Hubert will do that. He ought to do something. Here I've had all the trouble of shopping. Oh, gee, I nearly forgot. I got to buy a wedding ring."

"Now?"

"No, I'll wait till tomorrow. I guess I can get it in Inwood. I want one of those white-gold ones with orange blossoms."

"I got mine in Woolworth's," said Louise. "It's nice to have, you know, if we go like down to Asbury over the week-end."

"Yeh, I'd get one in Woolworth's too if I was like you. Billy will give you a real one some day, but that's out in my case, so I'm going to get the white-gold one now."

"Do you care?"

"Care about what?"

"That Hubert can't marry you? Are you crazy about him?"

Pressing close. People were never satisfied unless they were asking questions. They had to press close to you and try to look inside of you. If they stood at a distance and watched they'd find out more. Words were nothing.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think you're crazy about him."

"Then that's all settled. You won't have to ask again."

"Not giving you a short answer," added Louise.

Lillian laughed. She and Louise were getting to be better friends, she thought. There was a time when Louise would have gotten sore at her for answering so snappy.

They met Billy and Hubert at the Italian restaurant. Later they all took a ride in the Packard because there was nothing else to do. Hubert brought some gin along to make the ride pleasant.

It was decided that Louise would stay home another day and help Lillian get curtains and kitchen essentials.

"Do you have to work tomorrow, Billy?" Hubert asked.

"Sure."

"Gee, that's too bad. I ought to have somebody to keep me company while Lillian's out shopping. Oh, take a day off and we'll go to a matinee or something."

"Gosh, I couldn't, Scotty."

She found Anna sitting on the edge of the bed, pulling on her stockings.

"Why not? Let me know what the day would cost you and I'll make it good."

"Well, I'll let you know. You give me a ring about nine tomorrow. How's that?"

When Hubert and Lillian were alone that night in the foyer of her house she said:

"Hubert, it's going to cost a lot for the apartment. Do you mind?"

"You know I don't."

"Well, gee, there's so much I didn't figure. It'll be around a thousand dollars with linoleum and all."

"What do I care?"

"Don't you honestly?"

"No. I want you to have everything you want."

"You're good, Hubert. Listen, I bought Louise a pair of gloves for four dollars today. Do you care? She's staying home from work, you know, to help me."

"Sure. Get her what you like. She's a good kid. Say, you'll need more money tomorrow. Here's another two hundred dollars I drew for you."

Lillian dropped it into her bag.

"I got you something else, too. I didn't want to give it to you till we were alone."

He handed her a little box. A jeweler's box. She opened it and saw a wedding ring sitting in its white velvet groove. A white-gold ring with orange blossoms upon it.

"Gee, our tastes are alike," she said. "It's just what I wanted."

She slipped it upon her finger. It fitted and a sense of security came over her as she turned it about on her finger.

"I feel married," she said. It was very quiet in the little hall. She wished that Billy was there to make a wise crack or that a troop of flappers would come down the stairs. You feel kind of silly when it's all very quiet and somebody has done something nice and for the first time in your life you have the sensation of being cared for and anchored.

She turned the ring again on her finger.

"It's got initials inside," Hubert said. "It says 'H to L,' and it says the date."

"Does it? Gee, that's great. Well, got to go up now."

"Give me a little kiss?"

"What for?"

"I like kisses."

"Oh, apple sauce. See you tomorrow."

She ran up the stairs then. If she stayed he might tell her that he loved her—and then where would she be?

II

AT first Hubert Scott used to go home every night. No matter if it was 4 A. M. when he was ready to leave Lillian, home he would go. Then one night he fell asleep in Lillian's apartment. It was noon when they awakened.

It was after 1 when he reached his own house and it was with fear and trepidation that he let himself in. Helen was out. Gone to attend a bridge luncheon, Nellie told him. Hubert wished that she had been home so that he could make his explanations and go back to Lillian. He didn't dare leave without seeing her. It would be harder to explain when next they met.

"Will she be home for dinner, Nellie?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Scott. She'll be home for dinner."

So Hubert spent the afternoon in Helen's chair, dozing.

When she came in, he awakened with a start. He was sorry that he had fallen asleep. She had the advantage now. He was a trifle befuddled. She would be smart enough, too, to see her advantage and fire her questions at him before he had time to collect his thoughts. Damn these clever wives. Especially, clever jealous wives.

But Helen merely looked into the living room, nodded to him, and walked upstairs. Gee, she was sore. Sore as a boil. He ought to have brought her something. He was still wondering what he could have brought her when she came downstairs again. She was wearing a severely plain black satin dress with a narrow band of gold mesh at the neck and sleeves.

He smiled to himself. Gee, couldn't Lillian and Louise give her some pointers on clothes, though? He didn't know what Helen had paid for the dress, but whatever the price he'd bet that Lillian or Louise could have gotten three times that much gold mesh for the money.

"HELLO," he said. "Suppose you've been worried about where I was last night."

He thought that an expression of surprise flitted across her face. He wasn't sure. Couldn't have been surprise, though. Must have been anger.

"Well, I'll tell you, Helen. You know Steve Flynn?"

"Who?"

"Steve Flynn. You know, the fellow who owns the big markets."

"Oh, yes," Helen said unconvincingly. "I know who you mean."

"Well, I ran into him just as I was on my way home to dinner yesterday. Hadn't seen him in a dog's age, you know. Well, Steve and I have always been good friends and he was glad to see me. He'd heard that I'd retired and he was all for getting me to take a job with him. He's just lost a man that he valued a lot and has had a deuce of a time replacing him. Begged me to take the job. I said no, of course. Made me go to dinner with him to talk things over. We got drinking—you know how fellows will do—and the first thing you know, Steve passes out cold.

"Well, I had to take Steve home and he gets those suicide ideas, you know, when he's drunk. All the fellows know that about him. Yeh, always tries to kill himself when he's drunk. I had to stay with him, of course. Gee, I'd never forgive myself if he jumped out of a window or something. I was with him till noon today."

"Quite an adventure," Helen remarked. "I suppose his wife was out of town."

"Yes, visiting some relatives in Buffalo. It was terrible."

"I'll bet it was."

She was sitting on the couch smoking idly. Hubert dared to look at her. The expression on her face was one of complete serenity. She

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[KEPT
Continued from page twenty-nine]

believed him, then. Wives could be fooled if a fellow went about it right.

"Were you worried?" he asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, Hubert, I wasn't here. I chaperoned a group of young people last night for theater and dancing afterward. It was after three o'clock when Hubert and I got in. I never dreamed that you weren't in your bed. Then I slept late this morning and naturally supposed that you had already gone out."

"Oh, you did? Well, can you imagine that! Yeh, I was taking care of Stevie. He always gets those suicide ideas when he's drunk."

"Do you think you'll take that job he offered you?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Well, I was thinking that, if you did, you'd probably see quite a lot of him and that would mean that you'd have to cope with his mania frequently."

"Yes, I guess it would. Oh, I won't take the job unless, of course, he can't get anybody else. I wouldn't leave a friend in a hole. Responsible men are hard to find. Of course if he can't get anybody else I'll have to take the job. I suppose I will have to finally."

"I thought so," murmured Helen.

AFTER that Hubert rarely came home at night. What was the use of going home for a few hours' sleep and then rushing back to Lillian? Of course, if Helen didn't believe his stories, then he'd have to go home, because he was a fellow who hated trouble. But Helen believed him. She accepted his stories contentedly and without question.

"In fact," as he told Lillian, "she, not meaning to, gave me the greatest idea. She said that if I was to take the job with Steve Flynn I'd see a lot of him and have to stay away a lot, taking care of him. So, of course, I told her the next day that I took the job with him. It explains everything and, *boy,* my actions need some explaining. If she ever gets on to it, she'll brain me."

"Well, you're being careful, aren't you?"

"Sure. I told her that, owing to the job being vacant a month, that a lot of work has piled up and I work night and day on it besides having to cope with Steve Flynn's drunkenness."

"Suppose she ever meets Flynn?"

"She wouldn't speak to him if she did. You don't know Helen. High hat and cold, that's her. If a person doesn't play bridge, speak French, and just adore antiques they're out with her."

Helen merely looked into the living room, nodded to him, and walked upstairs.

"But she *might* meet him and speak to him."

"She wouldn't. Honest, Lil, you don't know Helen. Anybody who's a friend of mine is poison, to start with. She'd go to Times Square by way of China to avoid having to walk on the same block with a friend of mine."

Lillian frowned and walked to the kitchen. He had called her Lil. He knew she hated that. As a matter of fact she hated Lillian, too. She had had her Christmas cards engraved "Lili Cory" and that was the name she gave now whenever it was necessary for her to give her name.

"What's for dinner?" Hubert asked, following her to the kitchen.

"I don't know yet. Louise is going to bring the dinner things in."

"I don't like her to do that. They haven't much money."

"Oh, I gave her five dollars last night to get the things with. I thought it would save me from going out."

"Does she know Anna is here?"

"Sure."

"Anna didn't want her to know about—"

"Oh, I told Billy and Louise that Anna had grippe like she told me to. But they won't believe me. They're not fools."

"When will she be able to go home?"

"Tomorrow, I guess. Poor kid, that was a filthy trick Fred played on her. I wonder where he went? Gee, what would have become of her if it wasn't for you, Hubert?"

"For you, you mean. I only laid out the hundred dollars that the thing cost. You took her down there, you brought her back, you telephoned her mother and asked if she could stay with you for a while, you called the store and said she was sick. You've waited on her hand and foot. You treated that girl like she was your sister."

"Don't tell anybody, Hubert, about her trouble. If they suspect that's not our fault, but don't let them hear it from us."

"Oh, I wouldn't. Say, Lil, I think I'll take a little nap till dinner is ready. Do you mind?"

"Well, Anna's still in the bed. Could you take it on the couch?"

"Sure."

HUBERT went into the living room and Lillian remained seated on the green chair at the green table in the kitchen.

She sort of wished that Anna wasn't there. She felt sleepy, too.

If Anna was somewhere else, now, she and Hubert could nap till, say, 6:30—then they could have dinner at a restaurant and perhaps go to a show. It would be easy to call Louise and tell her not to come.

But Anna was there and soon dinner would have to be prepared for five people.

Lillian glanced out the window and saw her new Nash roadster coming up the street. She shuddered. Billy had just missed bumping its fender against that parked truck.

"Hubert, here's Billy and Louise."

"All right."

"You weren't asleep yet, were you?"

"No such luck."

Billy and Louise arrived.

Billy was in a bad humor and Louise hadn't brought the dinner things.

"I forgot them," she explained. "Billy got yelling at me about something and I forgot. Can't we go out for dinner?"

"No," said Lillian. "I told you that Anna was here, sick. We can't leave her alone."

"What's the matter with her?" Billy asked.

"Grippe, I told you."

"If I believe that, you'll tell me another."

"I don't care whether you believe it or not. She has grippe."

Even Billy knew when not to fool with Lillian. He saw that she was peevish about something. Hell, what did she have to be sore about? If she said one more thing he didn't like, he'd take Louise and they'd go home.

"You have your things on, Lou. Go to the store, will you?" Lillian asked.

"Oh, I'm tired, Lillian. Honest I am. Can't you phone?"

"It's too late. If I phone now, we'd never get the stuff."

"I'll go," said Hubert.

"All right. Get three and a half pounds of sirloin steak and a can of corn—better get two cans—and a cake of some kind, and butter, and don't forget bread."

"All right."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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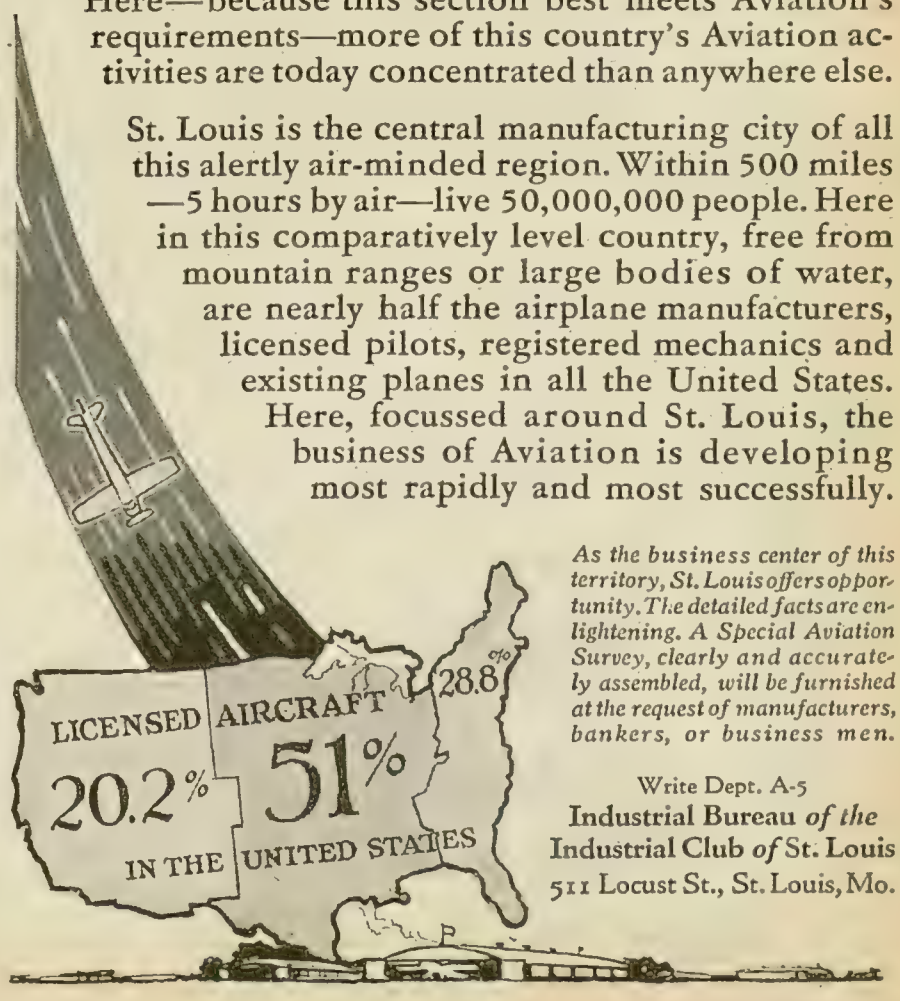

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KEPT

[Continued from page thirty-one]

Hubert went out and Billy sat down in the living room to read his paper. Louise stood in the kitchen talking while Lillian peeled the potatoes.

"What's the matter with Anna, anyway?" she whispered.

Lillian turned angry gray eyes upon Louise. "Grippe, I told you," she said. "How many more times must I tell you?"

"What are you so sore about?"

"Nothing. I'm just in a nasty humor, I suppose."

"Well, I guess we'd better go."

"Don't be foolish. I sent Hubert for three and a half pounds of steak. We can't eat it alone."

Louise went to the other room and sat down beside Billy. "She saw the way you came down the street with her car," she whispered.

"Go on. She's sore because you didn't get the things for dinner. Cripes, she thinks you're a servant girl."

Nothing was farther from Lillian's mind than the thought that Louise was a servant girl. She was peeling the twelfth potato when Hubert returned.

"Get everything?" she asked.

"I hope so."

"I hope so, too. Go in and see if Anna wants anything, will you? I haven't had a chance to go in."

"Oh, I don't like to go in. She's always bawling. Get Louise to go in."

"Here, stick the steak under the light, will you? I'll go in."

LILLIAN went in. Anna was bawling. She was lying back against the pillows dabbing at her eyes with one of Lillian's handkerchiefs.

"Oh, come on, Anna, turn off the weeps. Billy and Louise are here. You don't want them to hear you crying, do you?"

"I was crying quietly," said Anna with dignity. Her tone accused Lillian of trying to snatch her simplest pleasure from her.

"Well, cheer up. The little bluebird of happiness isn't very far off now. Just around the next corner. April showers bring May flowers and, besides, it's raining violets."

"I know you're trying to cheer me up, Lillian, but please don't be silly. I don't feel like it."

"I'm cooking a gorge' dinner. A big, thick steak and French-fried potatoes. Will you eat a lot?"

"Just some chicken broth, please."

"Oh, have some steak."

"It would catch in my throat, Lillian. Please, just some chicken broth."

Lillian went out, closing the door behind her. In the living room she motioned to Hubert and he followed her to the kitchen.

"You'll have to go out again," she said. "Anna wants some chicken broth."

"All right."

"I hope you don't mind."

He was in the living room putting on his coat. "No, I'll take the roadster this time," he called in to her.

"It's just about out of gas," Billy remarked. "It won't take you farther than around the corner to the garage."

"Oh," said Hubert.

Dinner was at a quarter of 7. Anna had her broth brought to her in bed. She didn't feel like going to the table. Billy and Louise were very hungry and they ate in silence. After five minutes of eating as though he had a train to catch, Hubert fell asleep. Lillian wasn't hungry. She smoked and flicked ashes on her portion of steak.

"That's disgusting, to waste food like that," Louise remarked. "Think of the people right here in New York who are hungry tonight."

"*You* think of them, I'm too tired," Lillian said.

"WHAT have you got to be tired about?" Louise asked. "I've been traipsing all over New York looking for a job and you've just been sitting here."

"Yeh, Lou, a lot of job-hunting you did," Billy put in.

"Well, I did some and I hate it. I wish I hadn't stayed off to help you furnish this place, Lillian. I'd never have done it if I'd 'a' known that they'd 'a' fired me."

"What do you want to work for?" Lillian asked.

Her question was a slight reminder that, after all, Louise was getting along as well as she ever did. Lillian looked meaningly at the dress Louise was wearing. It was black crêpe de chine and it was piped with emerald green. The skirt flared and had scallops around the bottom.

Lillian had bought the dress on a day when she had taken Louise shopping with her. It had cost $14.95. Hubert had given her $100 to get some dresses with and in a shop on Dyckman Street the orgy had been staged. Lillian had bought five dresses for herself, and that one for Louise because she had pitied Louise's frank envy.

"I don't want to work," said Louise, "but he wants me to. I don't see no sense in it because we're going to be married soon and then I won't work."

"Who told you?" Billy asked.

"I know I won't work. I ain't going to work after we're married and that's settled. And we're going to be married next month."

"Why?" asked Lillian. "Why don't you wait a year yet?"

"Well, because I don't want to. You know how it is with Billy and me. Everybody knows how it is and I feel so cheap and common."

"Well, there you are," said Lillian, rising briskly and beginning to clear the table. "That's the way the world

goes. Come on, Hubert, wake up. I'll have to go in and get that tray from Anna. Is that rain?"

She walked to the window and stood silent for many minutes gazing out at the rain-swept court. A strange sense of loneliness had come suddenly upon her. She wished Hubert would awaken. She needed his booming voice to assure her of her importance and her security. Billy and Louise were strangers, hostile strangers at that moment.

She knew that presently she would turn around and that there would be her living room and all the beloved familiar objects and old Billy with his line of wise cracks and Louise who was well-meaning but thoughtless and, above all else, her friend.

She turned, but there was nobody there to assure her. Hubert still slept. Billy read his paper and Louise powdered her face and frowned critically at herself.

A stanza of a poem that Lillian had learned in the lower grades of school returned to her:

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

Yes, it did make you feel sad to look at the lights through the rain. Sad and something else. You got a feeling that you wanted to go somewhere or do something. You couldn't bear quiet and dullness when you looked at the lights through the rain. There wasn't any connection or meaning, but you wanted to go.

"HUBERT, Hubert, will you for God's sake wake up? Put a record on the Victrola, Billy, will you? Come on, Louise, let's get the dishes done."

"Oh, are you going to do them tonight? I thought we'd just pile them up in the kitchen and then I'd come over in the morning and we'd get them out of the way."

"Anna's calling you," Billy said.

"Coming," called Lillian.

She found Anna sitting on the edge of the bed, pulling on her stockings.

"I can't stay in here any more. I'm going crazy. I'm coming outside with you folks."

"All right, I'll help you dress."

It took fifteen minutes to get Anna outside. Louise had not cleared the table. Lillian scraped the plates and began to carry them out. Anna sat by the window looking at the rain and weeping softly.

"You'll make your grippe worse sitting by the window," Louise said sweetly. "There might be a draft."

"I'm all right," said Anna.

"Is Fred coming up to see you?" Louise pursued.

"No. He's—he's busy."

"Oh, I see."

Louise went, then, to help stack the dishes on the tubs. She observed with regret that there was a roach on the wall in Lillian's kitchen. It was beyond her how people allowed roaches to get into their apartments. And Lillian was so immaculate about her person, too.

Till 10 o'clock Louise and Billy danced to the Victrola music. Anna cried and Hubert slept. Lillian sat watching her friends dance. Billy didn't ask her to dance but she didn't care. She was a rotten dancer anyhow. She smoked innumerable cigarettes and thought her thoughts.

She looked at Hubert. He was still in the red tapestry chair. Then she looked at Anna with her elbows on the window sill, her streaming eyes staring out at the streaming weather. Funny how Hubert and Anna didn't care that there were other people around. Could you call them immodest? Lillian searched her mind for a record of herself ever crying or sleeping in public. Probably everybody, she concluded, had a few things that they just couldn't do.

Louise dropped, exhausted, on the couch.

"All tired out?" Lillian asked unnecessarily.

Louise nodded. Billy stood waiting for her to resume the dance.

"Maybe Lillian would like to dance," Louise suggested. "Or Anna."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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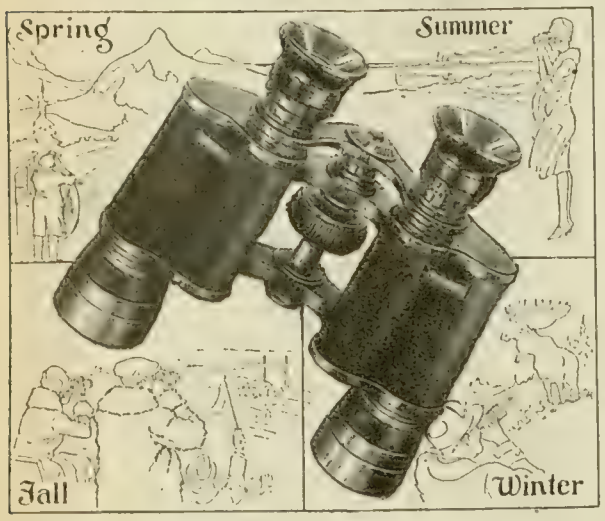

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KEPT

[Continued from page thirty-three]

"We're too old," Lillian put in quickly. "Too old for that sort of thing."

Anna rose and fled to the bedroom. Lillian followed.

"Cripes," Billy said, "it's like a morgue around here. What do you say? Shall we go?"

"Wait a minute. Lillian will be right back."

"What'll that get us? She's as lively as a stuffed dog herself. Let's shove off."

They were getting into their coats when Lillian came back.

"Oh, don't go yet," she said.

"Yeh, we got to. I've got a tough day ahead of me tomorrow."

Billy adjusted the little green feather in the band of his hat and looked expectantly at Lillian.

He could look as expectant as he liked, she thought. She might need the car herself tomorrow. Hubert was going home for dinner and she'd be without a car. After all, it was hers. Gee, if you loaned a thing once to some people they thought they owned it.

"Yep, I'll have a tough day tomorrow."

"Suppose you will," Lillian said agreeably.

"You ought to buy yourself a bicycle, Billy," Louise suggested, "so that half your day wouldn't be taken up getting out to Jamaica."

"Yeh, I'd look cute on a bicycle."

Lillian laughed pleasantly. Billy and Louise waited with their eyes fixed anxiously upon her. A silence during which Louise searched her purse for a handkerchief. The other two watched her interestedly.

"I think maybe I'll buy a little Ford," Billy said at length. "I can't stand this train business much longer."

"Yes, I would if I were you." Lillian moved two inches nearer the door as she spoke.

Billy and Louise stood rooted to the spot.

"Just imagine you with two cars and me without even a bicycle," Billy mourned.

"Yep, it's a sad world," said Lillian.

BILLY saw that he would have to take the plunge. Some people are so dumb that it's a waste of time to use finesse on them.

"You don't care if I take your car, do you, Lillian?" he asked casually. "I'll have it back here by five-thirty."

"No, go ahead," she said weakly. "I won't be needing it."

Oh, well, what the hell. It was easier to give it to him than refuse. And she probably wouldn't be needing it. She did hope, though, that he'd be careful.

"Well, good night, Lillian." Billy was briskly shepherding Louise across the foyer. "Tell Hubert we said good night."

"I will. Listen—what time will I see you tomorrow?"

"Around five-thirty," Billy said.

"I meant Louise."

"Oh." Louise puckered her brow thoughtfully. "Well, I'll be looking for a job all day and I'll meet Billy at Fifty-ninth Street like I did today and we'll be up together. That'll be around five-thirty."

"I see," said Lillian. "Hubert won't be here for dinner tomorrow and I guess Anna will be gone. I'll be alone. Can you have dinner with me?"

"Sure. I'll bring things in. Honest, I won't forget them tomorrow."

"All right. Good night."

They went then, and Lillian walked back to the living room. She kicked Hubert gently in the shin.

"I'm awake," he said. "Tell Billy to put another record on."

"They're gone. Wake up, will you? I'm lonesome."

HUBERT held his eyes open long enough to scan the living room and be assured that she wasn't fooling him. His eyes closed again as he murmured, "They're gone, huh? What time is it?"

"About ten-thirty."

"I have to go put your car in the garage."

"Billy took it."

Hubert's eyes flew open. This time without an effort. "Again?" he asked.

"Yes. You don't mind, do you? I felt sorry for him. He does work awfully hard, you know. He didn't want to take it. I had to almost force it on him. I knew you wouldn't care. He's careful with it."

After all, Billy and Louise were her friends.

"Oh, sure, it's all right. They're good kids."

"Now, for heaven's sake, don't go to sleep again. Oh, my God!"

Sleep had claimed Hubert once more. Lillian went to the kitchen and started on the dishes. No soap flakes and no yellow soap. Hell. How was it that she never could remember to get things like that? Plenty of hot water, anyhow. That was one good thing. She'd have to use bathroom soap and just pray that the plates and cups didn't get a sweet lavender scent. The dishes had to be done tonight. It was an awful thing to get up in the morning and have a load of dirty dishes staring you in the face.

It took forty-five minutes to tidy the kitchen and even then she had slighted the coffeepot and the broiler. At least a gallon of greasy water had spilled on the front of her dress. She didn't own an apron. Never could remember to buy one. It was an accordion-plaited dress and would cost at least $2.75 to restore it to its original beauty. She turned her diamond-and-sapphire ring inward. Maybe

that would remind her to get soap and aprons tomorrow.

She went back to the living room. "Come on, Hubert, wake up! What the hell's the matter? Are you dead?"

Hubert grunted reassuringly.

Lillian tugged at the couch coaxingly. She wanted it to open and make a "surprisingly comfortable, not to say luxuriant bed."

"Wait a minute," Hubert said, "and I'll help you."

Lillian got it open and went to the hall closet for sheets and blankets. She made the bed.

"Now," she said, "for heaven's sake, climb in."

"My pyjamas are in the bedroom," he objected.

Lillian went to get them. Anna was undressed and sitting stiffly in the pink upholstered chair. She wasn't crying and Lillian became alarmed.

"What's the matter?"

Anna rested reproachful eyes upon Lillian. "What's the matter!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I thought something new was the matter. Get into bed."

"I will. I was just sitting here thinking."

"Don't do it. It's bad for you. You'll bust a blood vessel."

Lillian got Hubert's pyjamas and her own nightgown out of the closet. "Good night," she said. "Get some sleep."

HUBERT had condescended to awaken. He was prowling around the living room with his tie off and his shirt open and draping gracefully over the top of his trousers.

"Yep, good kids, Louise and Billy," he said as though he was thus pleasantly terminating a lengthy conversation concerning them.

Lillian flung his pyjamas at him. "Surround yourself with these," she said.

"I don't feel like going to bed. I'm wide awake."

The look which Lillian gave him needed no accompanying words. She undressed silently and got into bed. Hubert did likewise and he was asleep in a minute's time.

Lillian tossed restlessly on the small cretonne pillow for nearly an hour but at last felt sleep drawing near.

She heard her bedroom door open and the pit-pat of Anna's slippers in the hall. She was not disturbed till she heard the clinking of bottles being moved about on the glass shelves of the medicine chest. Good God, there was iodine there, and lysol, and a liniment that was probably poison. Would Anna be such a fool?

WITH a sudden leap Lillian was out of bed and at the door of the bathroom.

"Anna, are you all right?"

"Yes—why?"

"I heard you moving things about in the medicine chest and I thought maybe you—"

Anna's voice was a polite mingling of oil and ice. "I wanted an asperin tablet. Of course I didn't know I would wake everybody up. Do you mind my rummaging in here?"

"Of course not, you fool. I just thought I could help you."

"I'm all right. Good night."

"Good night."

Lillian went back to her half of the couch. She dreamed that night that she was again living with the Friedrichs and working hard. She awakened while it was still dark and lay thinking over the dream. Working! Ugh. Only two months ago that dream had been reality.

She raised herself up on one elbow and quietly bent over and kissed Hubert on the forehead. He had changed everything.

But presently Lillian's sense of security is shaken by the catty digs of an ill-willed acquaintance. She sees life from a new angle. Interesting developments in the story will be found in next week's installment.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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Where the Brook Stopped

Gwen's music teacher explained that The Babbling Brook should be played with expression: "It is running along over pebbles and dashing against banks; sometimes in a hurry, sometimes slowly."

In spite of Gwen's efforts she struck a decidedly discordant note.

"That sounded like a great big dam, didn't it?" she asked naïvely.—Miss E. W. Trout, 11 N. Aberdeen Pl., Atlantic City, N. J.

* * *

Why Not?

It was raining and Alice could not play outdoors. She sat pensively watching her mother mend clothes. After a while she said: "Mother, if I die and am a good girl will I go to heaven and have a trumpet to play?"

"I suppose so, if you are a very good girl," said mother.

"Well," said Alice, "I was just wishing I could have my trumpet now."—James Mills, 6256 Drolet St., Montreal, Canada.

* * *

Properly Clothed

Peter brought home a stray dog and insisted his father buy a collar for it.

"But, Peter, he'll be running away in a few days," his father told him.

"Well," said Peter, "if he goes, why not let him go decently?"—Charles Riley, 60 N. Laramie St., Chicago, Ill.

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Send for the Melachrino Bridge Set. It consists of 60 Melachrino cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips, and Plain ends—a score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, and two packs of beautiful cards on which we will imprint your own monogram. Just fill out the coupon—print the initials of your monogram plainly.

NOTE! *No Flying Ash to Burn Your Gown.* Melachrinos are firmly rolled. Unlike ordinary, loosely packed cigarettes, a Melachrino holds its ash until you flick it off.

MELACHRINO
CIGARETTES

1879-1929 • 50 Years a Leader
Quality Stands the Test of Time

The Union Tobacco Co.
511 Fifth Avenue, New York L. 7-20-29

Gentlemen: Please send me your Melachrino-Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, *free of any advertising*, bearing my monogram, $4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for $2.50.

Initials.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Testing the Talkies

Mr. Lasky Offers an Experiment in Sudanese Silence

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Richard Arlen and Fay Wray in the film version of A. E. W. Mason's novel, The Four Feathers.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

TWO years ago Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, the adventuring cameramen who made that superb epic of the Siamese jungles, Chang, and that memorable panorama of tribal migration, Grass, went to the Sudan, where they shot thousands of feet of film, including a stampede of hippopotamuses and a superb glimpse of the great Sudanese camel corps swinging into action.

When Schoedsack and Cooper returned to Hollywood, the Paramount powers decided to use their film as the atmosphere for a superproduction of A. E. W. Mason's novel of mid-Victorian heroism, The Four Feathers.

Meanwhile, the talkie came into power. However, Jesse Lasky decided to hold The Four Feathers as a silent picture. In a way, it is a speculation. Do audiences really want any more voiceless films? The Four Feathers is an expensive test of public taste.

The Four Feathers is the story of the young scion of a fighting British family. He fancies that he is a coward and he resigns from the army. His three pals and his sweetheart turn from him, giving him white feathers. Then the aroused young man sets out to the Sudan to prove himself. He rescues his three pals, saves a beleaguered fort for his Queen, and wins the Victoria Cross. He gets the girl, of course.

The romance is a little stilted and old-fashioned, but Richard Arlen is pretty good as the coward who becomes a hero. The original authentic material of Schoedsack and Cooper stands out sharply. The glimpse of 500 hippopotamuses making for a river, come what may, is still the big dramatic item of the film.

★ ★ ★

If all the corpses of underworld gangsters slaughtered in the past year's movies were placed end to end, the gory line would reach from Beverly Hills to Agua Caliente.

The massacre continues in Paramount's newest sequel to Underworld, an all-talkie released under the title of Thunderbolt. Paramount reassembled George Bancroft, Director Josef von Sternberg, and most of the first cast. Thunderbolt, with all its pop of gats, is not the equal of Underworld—but it is a gripping melodrama, for all of that. Thunderbolt, wanted in nine states, is a tough guy who fells his victims with one blow of his right fist. He resents the fact that his girl is losing her heart to a young bank clerk, so he sets out to get the lad.

A dramatic moment in Thunderbolt, another movie of the underworld, showing, at the left, George Bancroft, who plays the title rôle, and Fred Kohler.

On the way, Thunderbolt pauses to minister to a stray dog—and the police nab him. So he goes to the death house. But the boy, framed by Thunderbolt's gang, follows him, unfairly convicted of murder.

Perhaps the prison scenes outside the execution chamber are unduly long and depressing. The early episodes in a Negro cabaret are superb, however. Bancroft as Thunderbolt is excellent, and Fay Wray is striking as Trilby. Richard Arlen is also present again, here playing the bank clerk.

★

Careers, a First National production, is laid in the now familiar French Indo-China. The settlement is ruled by a lecherous old Resident. Billie Dove almost becomes one of his victims. In the all-talkies Miss Dove loses her orchidaceous poise (so easy on the eyes). The result is disillusioning.

★

Remember the Garbo effort, Wild Orchids? William Fox's oddly titled The One Woman Idea is a little reminiscent. Lord and Lady Douglas meet Prince Ahmed on shipboard—and the lady loses her heart to the Oriental prince. Ahmed gets Lady Alicia when hubby proves to be a rotter. A silent film—and a dull one.

Do you know that—

Richard Arlen's real name is Richard Van Mattemore? . . . Fay Wray is the wife of John Monk Saunders?

The pause that refreshes

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

WHAT a joy it is to know there's one great drink that never fails to come across with the whole answer. A drink that serves an ace to thirst and brings a cool, tingling after-sense of refreshment, a feeling of readiness for a fresh start. Right across the country, between and after all games, it's ice-cold Coca-Cola every time.

And for busy workers, too, how good it is to know the pause that refreshes. The wholesome refreshment of Coca-Cola makes a little minute long enough for a big rest.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

Guaranteed to outwear any Tire of equal price

This new tire was tested so thoroughly against all leading makes that we can make this unsurpassable guarantee

OVER a year ago we set out to build a new and greater Miller Geared-to-the-Road Balloon. Word went out to Miller engineers—"Build a tire that will be superior in *every way* to any standard tire now on the market. Build for *longer tread wear.* Make it *non-skid.* Give us a superior tire the great majority of car owners can afford to buy. And give us *facts—not claims*—on which to sell it."

The tire was built. In appearance it met every demand we had made. In tread thickness it surpassed any tire of equal price we know of. In tread design it so nearly approximated the now famous Miller De Luxe Balloon that we accepted it without question. No more efficient non-skid tread has ever been built.

Then to Florida with the fleet

But road wear is the real test—so the Miller Test Fleet took the new tire to Florida, where varying conditions create murderous wear on tire treads.

Roads of abrasive slag and sharp crushed shell, which grind off tread rubber many times faster than ordinary pavements—steady hot weather and little rain—additional causes of fast wear.

L. C. ROCKHILL
Vice President and General Sales Manager of the Miller Rubber Co., known throughout the tire industry for 22 years as one of the progressive leaders

And then to make it worse, tires were overloaded 30% and under-inflated 25%—a grueling test of carcass strength as well as of tread mileage.

For six months they drove the new Geared-to-the-Road under these abusive conditions—averaging 650 to 700 miles per car every 24 hours. Average road speed, 50 miles per hour. At such a speed Florida roads act like a huge grindstone on tire treads.

For six months our engineers tested on the Florida roads. In the laboratory—improving—rebuilding—retesting. Incessantly seeking perfection.

And at the end of our road-testing—after the new tire had covered nearly *3,000,000 miles*—they told us they were confident that the tread on this new tire would *outwear that of any standard tire ever built.*

WM. F. PFEIFFER
President of the Miller Rubber Co., whose leadership is now reflected in the greatest standard tire ever built.

Such a statement could never be made as a mere claim. *So we asked for proof*

Then the amazing test

Back on the Florida highways went the Test Fleet. This time with tires of all the leading makers—well-known tires, all of them, and of good quality reputation. We selected the biggest-selling tires—those which in total, as nearly as we can estimate, comprise about 85% of all the tires sold in America.

We put one of each make on cars opposite the new GTR. Drove them with the same load—the same drivers—at the same speeds—on the same roads.

Every day we reversed them from wheel to wheel—from right to left, and vice versa—to make this an absolutely fair test.

The results have amazed us—as they will amaze you. You may check them for yourself in the comparison chart at the right.

In every case the new Geared-to-the-Road outlasted and outwore the competitive tire. And at the end of the entire test not one Miller Tire carcass failed.

These are not mere claims

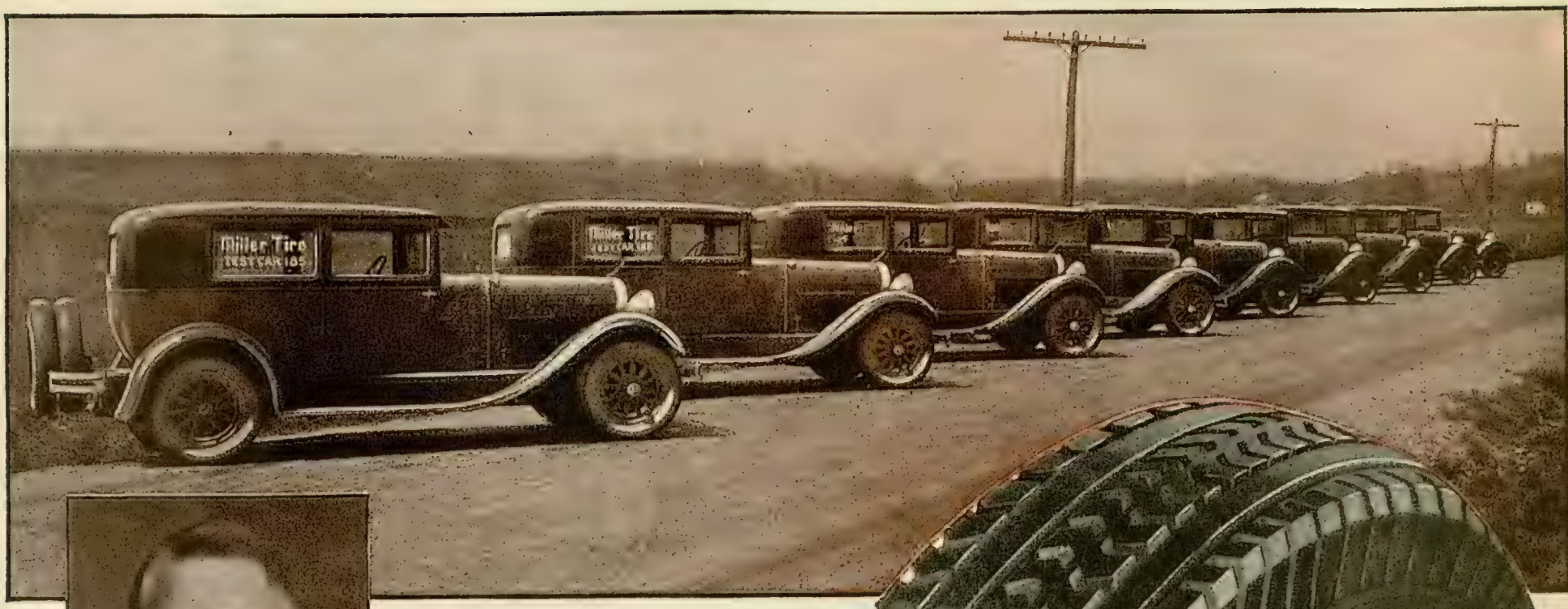
They are actual scientific tests—conducted in your interests, to conquer an important problem.

Fast tread wear is the big bugbear today for everyone who sells or uses balloon tires. Rapid starts, quick stops, higher road speeds, demand new quality in tire treads.

Now—no matter what service you may have had from treads on standard, first quality tires—you will get more from these new Geared-to-the-Roads.

You will drive them farther before they wear smooth than any tire of comparable price you can buy today.

You will have a superior degree of non-skid protection, and you will keep it longer.



R. T. GRIFFITHS
Vice President in Charge of Production—the man responsible for the development of this unsurpassable tire. Above—the Miller Fleet that made this remarkable scientific test.

And you will have a tire carcass just as strong and as durable as the tread—a carcass that withstood overload and under-inflation which proved ruinous to many of the competitive tires.

In short, you will have an experience in tire satisfaction, the equal of which you cannot buy in any other standard priced tire. *Not claims—facts.*

* * *

Available now in all popular sizes, at Miller dealers. Standard four-ply, ordinary service conditions; special six-ply heavy construction, for use where overloads must be carried and service is severe.

How the New Geared-to-the-Road Compared with the Biggest-Selling Tires in America

Taking mileage of New Miller as 100%

Tire No. 1 ran 93.9%	Tire No. 7 ran 51.4%
Tire No. 2 ran 85.7%	Tire No. 8 ran 45.8%
Tire No. 3 ran 68.0%	Tire No. 9 ran 40.3%
Tire No. 4 ran 67.0%	Tire No. 10 ran 38.5%
Tire No. 5 ran 61.5%	Tire No. 11 ran 36.6%
Tire No. 6 ran 58.7%	Tire No. 12 ran 33.9%

Tire No. 13 ran 25.4%

NOTE: Figures on competitive tires represent the point at which tires went out of service either from carcass failure or with treads worn smooth. The New Miller outwore competitive tires in every instance.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO. of N. Y.
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

LLER

SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

Village Smith sings an anvil chorus for his favorite pipe tobacco

(All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine—unpaid and unsolicited.)

Within the past sixty years as a pipe smoker
I have used about a half ton of tobacco.
Of all the pleasures I've enjoyed
Tobacco costs the least
Of all the brands that I have tried
Your Edgeworth is the best.
John Donnelly, The village Blacksmith.
Branford, Conn.

WE don't know whether a spreading chestnut-tree still stands in Branford, Connecticut. But we do know that Branford still boasts a village smith—by name, John Donnelly.

A mighty man is John. In sixty years he says he's smoked a half ton of pipe tobacco; and of all the brands he's tried in his pipe he likes Edgeworth the best. As he swings his heavy sledge a chorus of sparks dances from his anvil —and a chorus of content puffs from his pipe!

And why not? Nearly all pipe smokers are calm, serene fellows. Come to think of it—you don't know many pipe-smokers of the nervous, flighty breed.

Pipe-smoking runs to calm, thinking men. Ask a pipe-smoker a question; he takes a puff on his pipe and gives you a straight, sound answer. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply don't have troublesome, disordered thoughts.

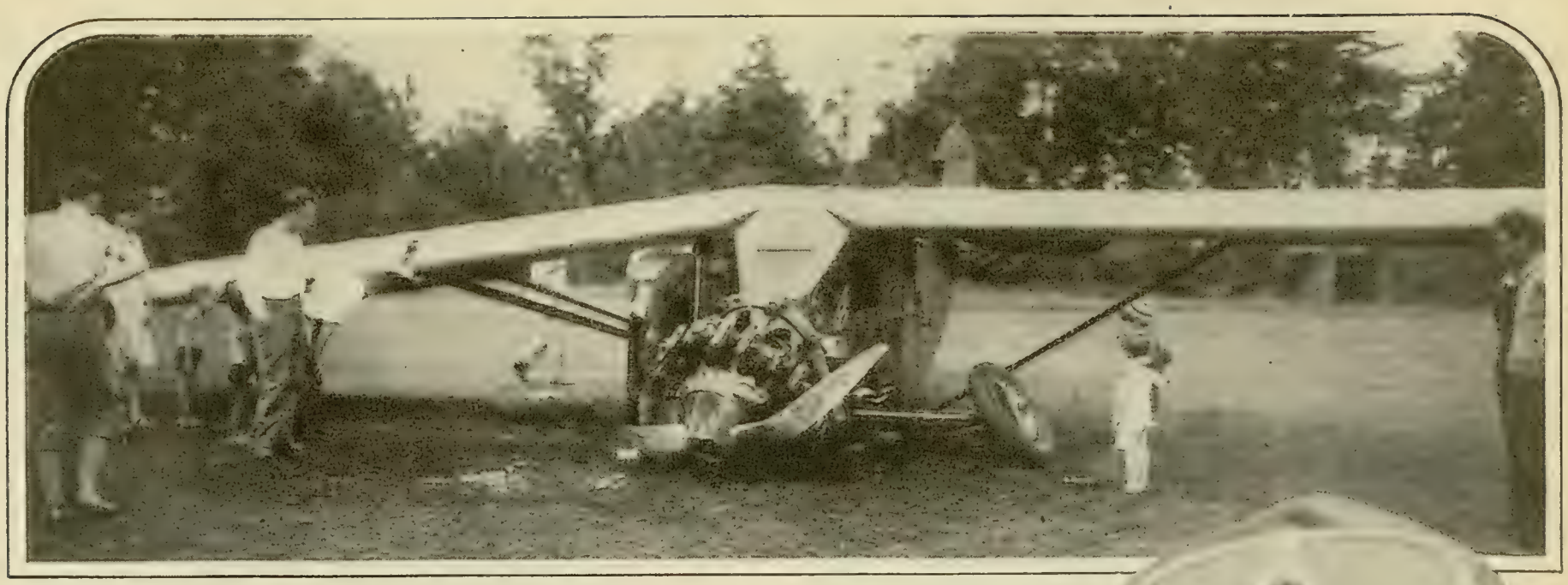
Try this offer—FREE!

There's a lucky horseshoe on this page —especially if it's a long time since you've smoked your pipe! It's this free Edgeworth offer. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Bro. Company, 40 S. 21st St., Richmond, Va., and you will get some welcome pipeloads of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco. If you like these trial helpings you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, for (as you will discover) its likable quality *never* changes—tin in, tin out!

* * *

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidors, and also in several in-between sizes. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

Two forms—same blend —both for your pipe 15¢



International photo

The Super Instructor of the Air

The Man Who Taught Lindbergh Now Teaches the Teachers

By

Richard Carroll

Acme photo

Bill Winston, and (above) the "washout" in which, near Gene Tunney's training camp at Speculator, New York, two years ago, he saved the lives of his four millionaire passengers at the risk of his own.

WHEN the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care art of flying crashed its shoestring Jennys, bought itself a chamois helmet, and quit the county fairs to sport in luxurious efficiency over the gold pavements of Wall Street, Bill Winston found himself a job.

He had waited for it for years. There were times when he thought he would never land it. When other, more spectacular pilots had been flying themselves to fame and fortune, he had been forced to pursue his path of monotonous achievement. His career had had no peaks of sensation. He had never flown the Atlantic or spanned a continent. He held no endurance records and had made no outside loops.

Yet when the old-time Curtiss Flying organization lifted itself from an adventurous experiment in aëronautics to become the Curtiss Flying Service, Inc., branch of a hundred-million-dollar aviation corporation, the directors in charge picked Bill Winston to put its proposed network of flying schools across to the public. And they picked him on his record.

Down at the flying field on Long Island, they now speak of Bill Winston in that peculiar tone that holds a little of envy, a little of awe, and a whole lot of determination to some day be as good a pilot.

Mechanics point him out to goggle-eyed visitors. Other pilots stroll the field with him, glad to be of his distinguished company, and students count the thrill of a passenger flight with him greater than that of their first solo.

I began to hear much of him on my visits to the field —of his great piloting and his uncanny ability to locate himself in places where others became hopelessly lost.

I was finally introduced to a tall, slim man who seemed mildly amazed that anything he had ever done should excite comment. Had he not been introduced as a celebrated pilot I would have put him down as a rising young professor of dead languages making a serious effort to get along in a harsh world.

Actually he is the calm, efficient, conservative chief of all Curtiss flying instructors.

His very conservatism has won him his fame. Where others have sailed forth in a blaze of glory for some heralded accomplishment, Winston has gone quietly and effectively on his way, getting there, getting back, and surmounting all the difficulties of flight without fuss and without fury and with a sanity that has at last lifted him to the position he holds.

In one way it seems that Winston is destined to take much of the romance out of flying, if that be possible. His new job is to standardize the training of pilots, to standardize the rules themselves and eliminate the individualists. He will instruct the instructors.

Not so long ago, last year in fact, when I myself learned to fly, the affair was more or less haphazard. You went to the flying field, and an instructor, a highly individual fellow, took you up and taught you his way of flying. When the next instructor took you in hand you often had to unlearn what had gone before. It was a lot of fun, but it wasn't efficient.

Under Winston's administration the best of all train-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SUPER INSTRUCTOR OF THE AIR
Continued from page forty-one]

ing schedules, the Army Flying School routine, will be inaugurated. Every Curtiss school throughout the country will adopt it, and the aviation student who is taking his course in one state can travel to a Curtiss field in some other state and continue his course exactly where he left off, getting the same instruction, observing the same standard rules as at the original field.

The new courses will embrace practically every phase of commercial aviation and will take up to eight months, or as much of the eight months as the student can afford.

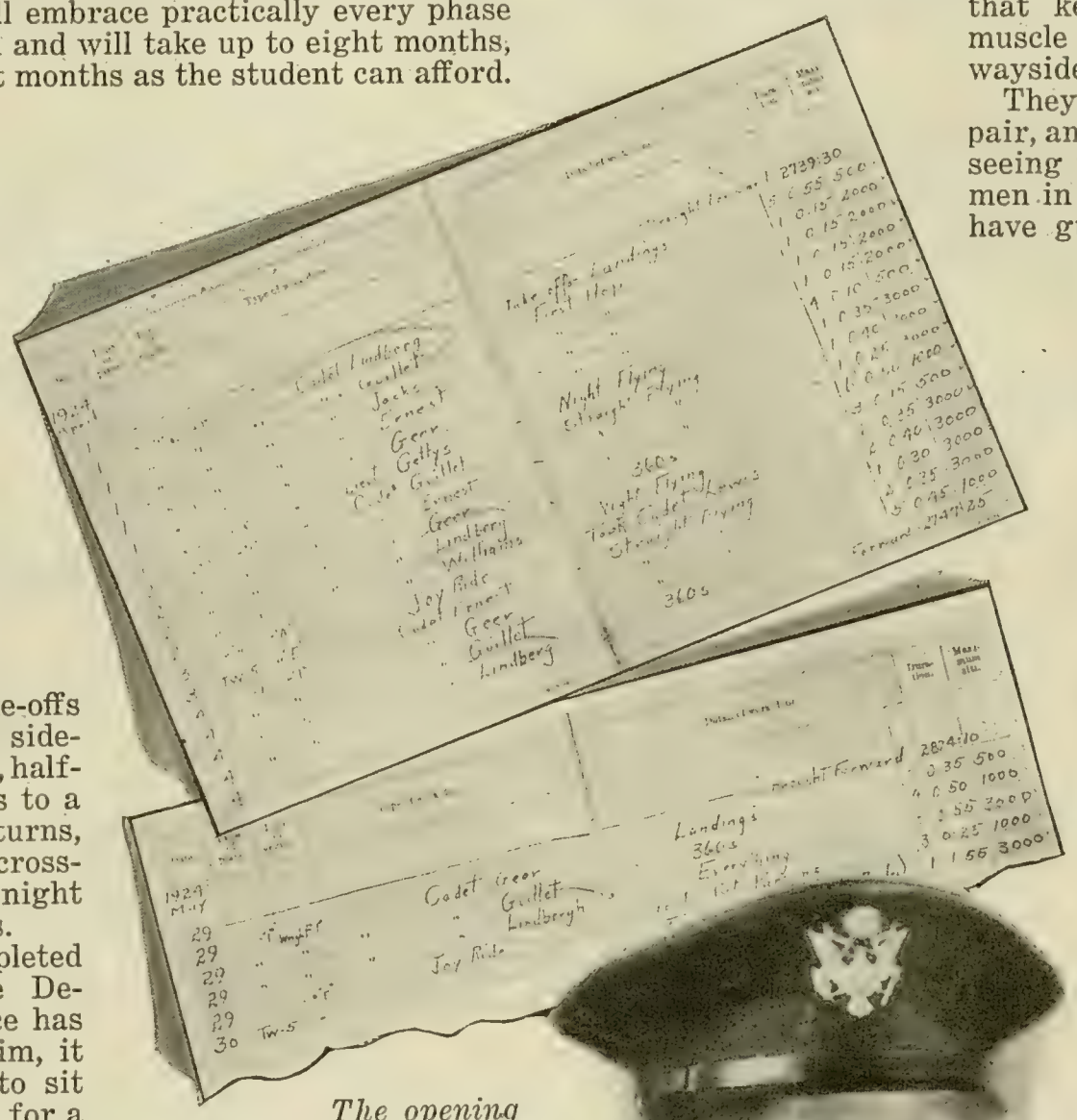
The schools will be divided into two departments: the department of ground instruction — taking in the mechanical works, aërology, and navigation—and the department of flying.

The student in the flying department is given the whole works. He starts by learning the effect of controls, then goes on to their application: straight and level flying, climbs, banks, figure eights, glides and spirals, take-offs and landings, stalls, sideslips, wing-overs, rolls, half-rolls, 180-degree turns to a landing, 360-degree turns, forced landings, cross-country flights, and night flying by instruments.

When he has completed that course and the Department of Commerce has placed its O. K. on him, it will be safe enough to sit beside him in his ship for a flight. He'll know all that it is possible to teach him.

The man who will be responsible for all this, who literally will have in his charge the lives of hundreds of embryo Lindberghs, must have offered some adequate reason for his selection.

Bill Winston has been teaching the art of flying since the spring of 1918.



The opening and closing entries of Lindbergh's record as student pilot, from Sergeant Winston's log book.

IN that time his most distinguished pupil was Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, whom he taught to fly at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, in April, 1924. Lindbergh had flown before—was, in fact, a veteran of the air—but he had trusted more to luck than to skill.

The now most famous of flyers dropped into the field with a biplane that boasted only three sound wings. The other was falling away from old age and hard usage. He was immediately assigned to Winston for instruction. Winston's log book tells the complete story of the then unknown youth's progress.

Then he was Cadet Lindbergh—or as Winston, who was not familiar with the name, wrote it, " Lindberg," without the h—and only the youngster's patent earnestness put him slightly apart from the rest.

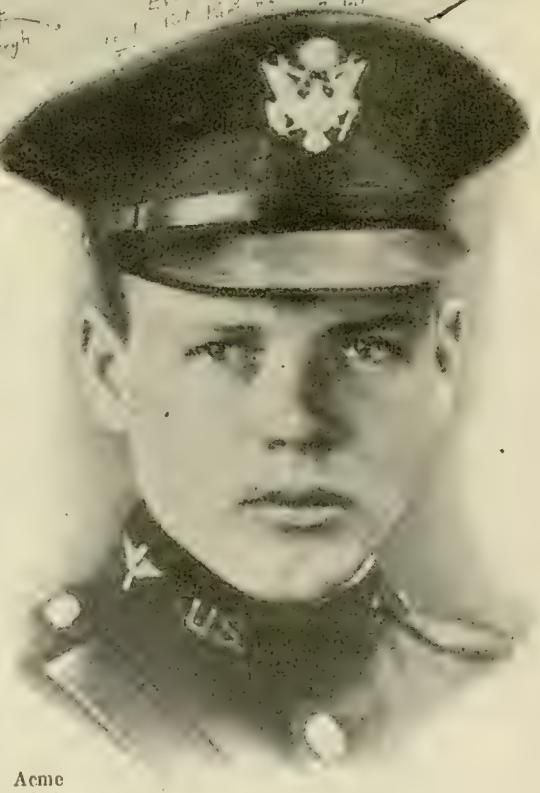
There was nothing remarkable about the meeting save the modesty of Lindbergh and the surprise of Winston when he learned that the young cadet had already barnstormed the country in machines that today no sane man would fly.

But though Lindbergh had flown many thousands of miles in various underpowered ships, he had never been at the controls of a powerful fighting plane, nor did he have any experience with stunting as the army taught it. Winston was to teach him that there was more to flying than taking a ship off the ground and landing it again.

There was marked difference between the men as far as appearance went. Lindbergh was tall, lanky, and blond. Winston was tall, slim, and dark. Lindbergh looked at the world through clear blue eyes. Winston's were deep brown and remarkably keen.

Both had the ideal make-up for aviators. Neither was physically powerful, while both had that deep vital force that keeps on when sheer muscle strength falls by the wayside.

They made a remarkable pair, and a watchful observer, seeing them together, young men in their twenties, might have guessed that here was pictured the finest of the type of America's new generation of heroes. They exemplified Aviation. The prize fighters and the cowboys were passing even then as national idols and aviators were coming to take their place.



Acme photo

Lindbergh as he looked shortly after he was Winston's pupil.

LINDBERGH in his book describes his first meeting with Winston:

"I had been particularly fortunate in my assignment of an instructor. Sergeant Winston held the record in the army with about thirty-three hundred hours. He was an excellent pilot and knew how to instruct if he wanted to. When my turn came he asked me how much flying time I had had, and after I had told him about three hundred and twenty-five hours he turned the controls over to me with orders to take the ship around and land it. . . . After three landings, however, Sergeant Winston got out of the cockpit and told me to fly around for thirty minutes and get used to right-handed piloting."

Lindbergh stayed with Winston as a cadet student for thirteen and a half hours of flying instruction, lasting from April 1 to May 29. In that time Winston gave him everything.

Later Lindbergh went to Kelly Field, Mecca of all army flyers, to finish up his military course. Winston continued his instructing with dozens of students passing under his watchful eye.

Lindbergh, however, was not Winston's prize pupil. That honor goes to T. P. Nelson, Air Mail pilot for National Air Transport, whose record as a safe flyer probably has no equal in the country. Nelson's total hours in the air, almost without accident of any kind, now number close to 10,000.

Winston's selection of Nelson as his best pupil is the

key to Winston's own character. Nelson has never flown the Atlantic, but he has flown hundreds of thousands of miles, through storm, through fog, through black nights of rain and sleet, and he has flown them safely.

That, to Winston, is the gauge of flying ability. It is the epitaph he wants written on the flyleaf of his own log book when the final page is turned.

Mrs. Winston and her children, Elizabeth and Nellyne Merrie.

Winston himself learned to fly at Carruthers Field, Fort Worth, Texas, after preliminary training in ground work at Princeton, New Jersey.

He had enlisted in the army as a private, and just squeezed his way in after being rejected three times. He immediately applied for admission to the signal corps, then embracing aviation. At that time he was twenty years old, six feet tall, and weighed only 119 pounds.

It was his lack of weight that made it so difficult for him to get into the service. His determination, however, inherited from Confederate Army ancestors, brought him through.

The Winston family has lived in the South for many generations. His grandfather was a slave owner of Wake County, North Carolina, where Winston was born April 28, 1896. His father, John Preston Winston, at the age of seventy-eight, still runs the old plantation with the aid of the children of former slaves who refuse to leave his service. Bill's mother boasts an equally distinguished line. She is a Colonial Dame, a Daughter of the American Revolution, and a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On both sides of the family the stock is English all the way back. Bill is the only child.

HE received his education in the local schools and in Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina, where he studied medicine.

Nothing in his school days, no achievement in sports or games, gave promise of future ability in that greatest of all sports, flying. His was a quiet youth spent in methodical accomplishment of anything he set himself to do. He was twenty-one years old when he finally gained entry to the army. At Carruthers Field he learned to fly solo in five hours.

As an indication of his natural power of coördination, a quality essential to the successful flyer and in Winston till then untried, he won on the rifle range his marksman's insignia although he had never before held a rifle in his hands.

In the autumn of 1918, after a summer of flying, he was graduated as an instructor with the rank of sergeant. Why he did not then, nor until the war was over, get his commission is still one of the mysteries of his life.

The following year he married Katherine Coxey, a Richmond girl whom he had met while at Langley Field, Virginia. They now have two children, Elizabeth, aged three, and Nellyne Merrie, aged ten months.

THE baby was named after Winston's great friend Merrie Merrill, who was killed when the plane he was testing for Lindbergh crashed into a mountain in a fog while on its way from Buffalo to Mineola, Long Island. Merrie was head of the Curtiss Flying Service.

As an instructor Bill found his rightful place in aviation. He was born to teach the art of flying. Expert himself, delicate on control, keen of eye and swift of judgment, and with an unerring instinct to do the right thing at the right moment, he had the added ability to impart his knowledge to others after first winning their complete confidence by his cool competence.

His patience was infinite; his skill in ever-recurring danger spots, where novices flirt with disaster in ships they do not understand, was superb. Small wonder he was kept on as instructor when others were sent away. Many students passed through his hands, some to go on to fame, some to death, some to the oblivion of private life.

It was a hard school where only the best survived. There were few accidents at the field. In his own training days there had been many. Seven of his own unit of twenty men were killed in training and those war days had made him careful. When he finally left the army he took with him the record for the number of hours flown, 3,200.

Since then he has flown the night mail between Philadelphia, Washington, and Norfolk, Virginia, and has served with the Curtiss Flying Service as cross-country and night-flying instructor.

It was while flying for Curtiss that he had his narrowest squeak in the air and the importance of his passenger list made it all the more thrilling.

Bill had taken his famous million-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ART GOEBEL
World Famous Flier
Announces the Opening of
THE ART GOEBEL SCHOOL OF FLYING

AT KANSAS CITY
"The Heart and Hub of Aviation"

COLONEL Art Goebel, winner of the $25,000 James Dole race from California to Hawaii; holder of the Transcontinental Air record from Los Angeles to New York; winner of countless other flying honors and acclaimed the greatest "stunt" flier who ever worked in the "movies" is now teaching aviation in his own school in Kansas City.

Art Goebel knows aviation from the ground up. He started as an airplane mechanic. He has repaired planes, built planes, and made flight tests for plane makers. It was his thorough knowledge of planes and flying plus his thorough and careful preparedness which enabled Colonel Goebel to successfully pilot the "Woolaroc" from California to that tiny dot of land in the vast Pacific Ocean.

Colonel Goebel has had more than seven years of practical flying under every conceivable condition and in all makes and types of ships. All that he has learned by study, investigation and actual experience in more than seven years is now available and is being taught the students in his school.

The Art Goebel School of Flying is modeled after and organized along the lines of the army air corps training schools. The study courses, equipment, training, discipline and training planes conform to the army standards and fully meet every requirement of the United States Department of Commerce for aeronautical aviation schools. Many of the departments are under the direct supervision of officers on leaves of absence.

Instructors and department executives have been personally selected by Colonel Goebel from the wide circle of friends he has made during his seven years of practical flying and these men have been obtained from all branches of aviation. Each man is an outstanding specialist in his particular field.

Let Art Goebel teach you to fly—learn aviation from a man who has a world-wide reputation as one of the world's greatest fliers—and then step right into aviation yourself—get started today in the world's fastest growing, most fascinating, interesting and best paying industry of all times.

COLONEL ARTHUR C. GOEBEL
153 West 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Colonel Goebel: Without any obligation on my part, please send me additional information regarding The Art Goebel School of Flying.

Name_____ Age_____

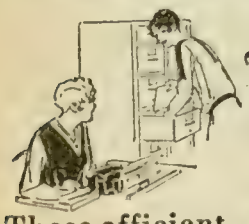
Address _____

City_____ State_____

CLOGGED PORES

prevented if skin is well cleansed with non-irritant soap. Thousands use only

Resinol



"How's my pain? It's gone! I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon
TRADE MARK

[THE SUPER INSTRUCTOR OF THE AIR
Continued from page forty-three]

aire cargo up to Speculator, New York, to watch Gene Tunney train for his fight with Dempsey. As passengers he had Bernard F. Gimbel, the department-store owner and amateur boxer; James I. Bush, capitalist and aviation enthusiast; Charles V. Bob and Sam Pryor, friends of the champion and wealthy enough to excite comment if they had their necks broken. Bill got them there all right, but taking them back required more effort.

The prize fighter's camp was pitched in the mountains where the air was too thin for a ship to take off with a heavy load. Consequently, when he finally lifted his overloaded Cabin Fairchild from the spongy fairway of a golf links, he found himself unable to gain sufficient altitude to clear a clump of trees immediately ahead of him. A high wind over the mountains made matters worse. His ship, carrying four passengers, three of whom weighed over 200 pounds each, was unequal to the strain. His wheels hit a tree and sent his ship into a vertical bank.

One moment's hesitation would have meant disaster. There were two choices open. He could let the ship crash on her side and take a chance of killing some of his passengers in the rear seats. Or he could give her full power, level out, and sink headfirst into the trees ahead with the probability of crushing in her nose and setting her engine on fire. Bill, sitting far up in front, would get the worst of it.

He gave her full throttle, lifted the right wing level, and crashed flat. The force of the impact drove the engine back into Bill's lap. By sheer luck she did not catch fire.

Outside of a few minor injuries for Charles Bob and a cut or two for Bill, no damage was done to those aboard her.

But the accident did one good turn for Winston. Other pilots heard of it and of the circumstances under which it had occurred, and all of them joined in congratulating the passengers on the skill and daring of the pilot who had taken them literally out of the jaws of death.

BILL'S other serious venture was to fly to Greenely Island to take pictures of the rescue of the Bremen flyers. He did the hop in a Fairchild, powered by a water-cooled Curtiss Six engine, the only water-cooled engine to fly there.

At that he beat the powerful trimotored Ford monoplane to the island by a full day.

On the return journey he flew 800 miles from a take-off on the ice at the island to Murray Bay without a stop, and this despite the handicap of an underpowered plane.

It seems to be Winston's misfortune that he seldom gets powerful ships to make his long flights, or perhaps it is his employers' knowledge of the fact that Winston does not require as much as other pilots. The flights he has made were matters of routine to him, however spectacular they might have been in the hands of another pilot.

And now that the courage of his conservatism has been rewarded, it is his intention to apply to all flying activities under his control the same matter-of-fact attitude that has characterized his own flying.

THUS it was that motoring began. First the horseless carriage was an experiment, then an adventure, and now it is a custom. Winston would do that with flying.

The manufacturers of airplanes are going in for mass production. There will be 10,000 or more made in 1929. The next year will probably double that.

In the future we'll all have a flivver to ride the clouds and we'll all be Winstons. But his is the merit of being there first.

One should not get from this the idea that Bill Winston is a Sunday driver of the air—the kind who ambles along in his automobile at twenty miles per hour in the belief that he is safe.

Acme photo

Pilot T. P. Nelson, whom Winston picks as his prize pupil.

Winston can stunt with the best of them, but here again he does his stuff as though it were all a commonplace. Looping, rolling, diving, and spinning are all to him just so many necessary maneuvers to teach him control of the ship in all weathers and conditions.

He has use for such skill, particularly on long flights over difficult territory when stormy weather or personal error might throw his ship into perilous situations. In such a difficulty, previous training in fair weather over good landing fields proves his only safety insurance.

This he will teach to prospective flyers. His ambition is not to train transoceanic pilots but to train students who will fly safely in safe machines over safe country and in safe weather. The more of them the merrier.

To him aviation is not a sport or an experiment. It is a business as solid as the railroads, and as safe. And with this belief settled in his mind he is going ahead with the training of instructors who in turn will teach the novice how to fly—much as the automobile salesmen teach their customers how to handle a car in traffic, or a housewife teaches a green maid how to wash the dishes.

THE END

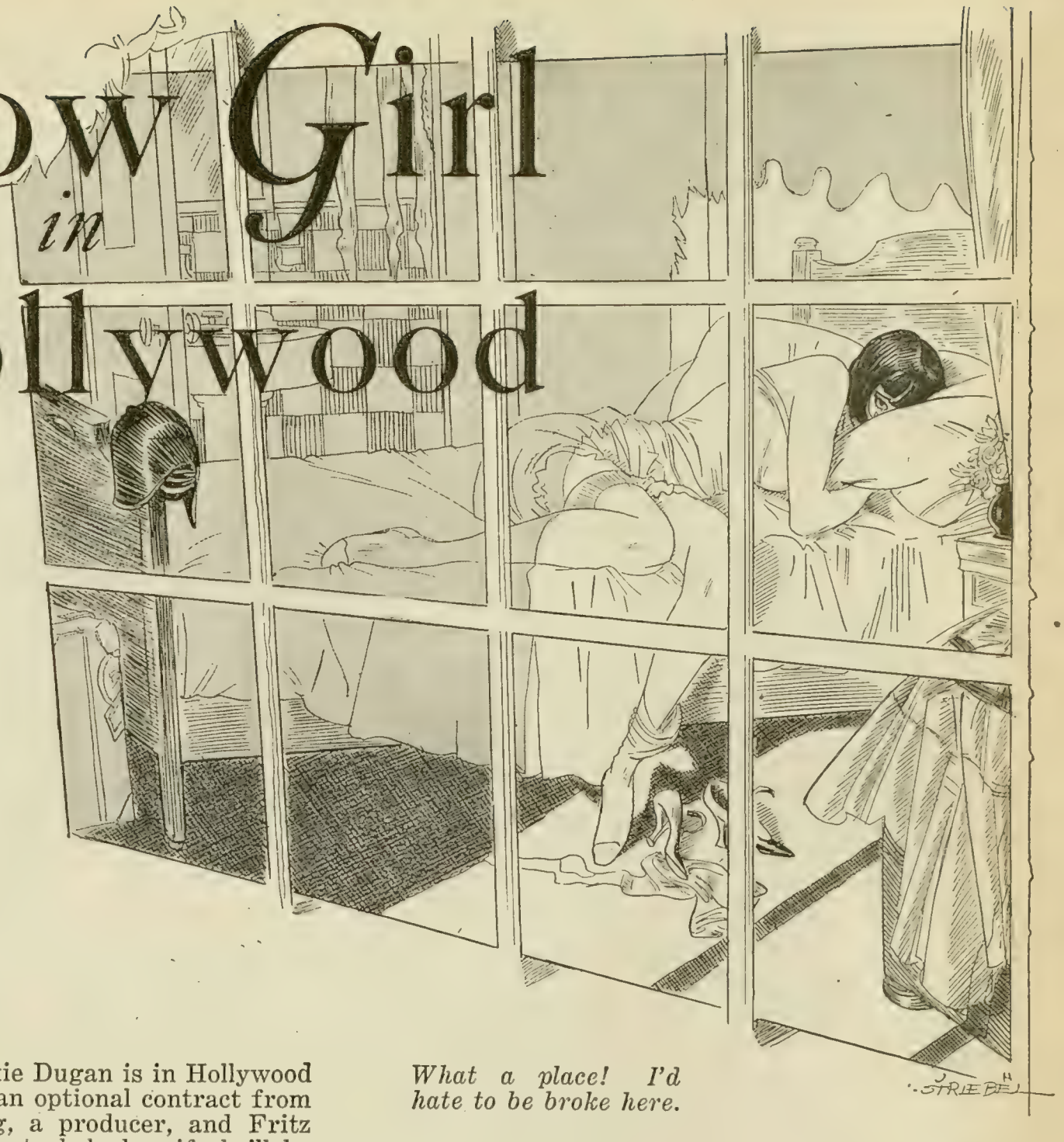
Show Girl in Hollywood

A New Dixie Dugan Adventure

By

J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by
John H. Striebel



What a place! I'd hate to be broke here.

What It's All About—Dixie Dugan is in Hollywood trying to make good on an optional contract from Colossal Pictures. Kirk King, a producer, and Fritz Buelow, a director, are willing to help her if she'll be good to them. Mickey, a song writer, is honestly in love with her, as is Jimmy Doyle, her sweetheart, with whom she has quarreled. Jimmy, an ex-New York newspaper man, also has landed a job in filmdom and has just arrived from the east.

Part Five—The Land of Tomorrow

(From the Hollywood Daily Screen World)

JAMES DOYLE, BROADWAY PLAYWRIGHT, HERE TO WRITE ORIGINALS

James Doyle, famous Broadway playwright who wrote Girls Gone Crazy, is here to write dialogue and original screen plays for the Colossal Film Corporation. It is with pleasure we welcome this famous young Eastern author who, nevertheless, will find he has a great deal to learn in this newest but greatest of all the arts, the talking screen. Good luck, Jimmy—an' take keer of yourself.

. . . . .

(Lola Krunch, a Hollywood moving picture critic and editor, decides to call on Mr. Doyle, the newest addition to the Broadway colony in Hollywood. Object: interview.)

Q. What do you think of Hollywood, Mr. Doyle?

A. I haven't had time to think about it much. Offhand, it looks a little bit like Keokuk on a Sunday afternoon, except that the houses and vegetation seem to have been retouched by one of those disappointed virgins who go in for painting china. The buildings have an air of impermanence, and the streets, with their little yellow, green, and blue bungalows look for all the world as though any moment a voice would yell "Strike it," and a flock of scene shifters would tear it all down and put up a New England village or an Italian hill town. As a matter of fact, the only buildings I have seen in Hollywood which look as though they were put up to stay are sets on the movie lots.

. . . . .

The newest convert to Hollywood is James Doyle, the famous Broadway playwright lately arrived in our midst. "The little yellow, blue, and green bungalows look for all the world like an Italian hill town," mused Mr. Doyle yesterday.

. . . . .

Q. What do you think of motion pictures?

A. I think they have too much and at the same time too little. There are too many theaters demanding too many pictures from too many producers who have too many players under contract to appear in too many features by too many writers who can't write for too many players who can't act, for too many producers who can't produce. In other words there aren't enough real producers, real actors, or real writers to supply all the pictures necessary to keep up with all the real-estate operators who continue building chains of motion picture theaters on all the available empty corner lots in the country.

The only thing I've seen enough of out here to supply the demand is film. They have lots of it. It comes in by the carload. But where are writers to supply seventy-five feature dramas and comedies for one year for just one company, and that but one of a dozen producing organizations as large or larger?

Q. What is your solution, Mr. Doyle?

A. A pogrom.

. . . .

"The thing that impressed me most about the motion

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Jimmy came in, looked right at me, said, oh, hello, and walked on. Kirk stopped and shook hands.

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD Continued from page forty-five]

picture industry," said Mr. Doyle, "is its tremendous size. Think of the hundreds of stories which must be supplied every year to keep thousands of artists working so as to supply the millions of drama lovers throughout the world who look to Hollywood for their inspiration and relaxation. I am amazed with the immensity of it all," said Mr. Doyle, "and thrilled, too." When asked to sum it up in one word, Mr. Doyle said, "It is a great program."

. . . . .

OFFICE of Sol Nebbick, the producing genius of the Colossal outfit, a young glacier with a dead face, the long slim fingers of a violinist, the narrow natty shoulders of a gigolo, the frame of a bantam, and the guile of a Machiavelli. After cooling his heels for an hour in the outer office, Jimmy Doyle, the eager young apostle of better movies, is allowed to enter the sanctum. While waiting, he has been privileged to see famous directors and stars storm into Nebbick's office and after a few muted moments slink out. Properly impressed, he takes a chair and peers across the vast expanse of desk. The wide forehead and narrow chin of Mr. Nebbick is barely visible over the sea of mahogany,

NEBBICK (*after a few moments of chilling silence*): Who are you?

JIMMY (*nettled*): I'm James Doyle; you sent for me.

NEBBICK (*apparently groping*): Doyle? What do you do?

JIMMY (*indignant*): I'm a writer; I'm a playwright. I just arrived here from New York under contract to write originals and dialogue.

NEBBICK: I see. (*Presses invisible button. Beautiful Young Thing appears magically with notebook.*) How many of that last batch of writers from the East have we got left?

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: Let me see—the last shipment was two dozen assorted, novelists, playwrights, and newspaper men. There's only three newspaper men left.

NEBBICK: See that they are put on the Chief tonight and sent home. We need those offices for that new bunch of sound technicians coming in from Schenectady.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: But we took them all out of those offices a week ago and put them down in the basement of the old stables.

NEBBICK (*yawning*): I see. What are they doing down there?

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: I don't know. You know you gave strict orders for nobody to go near them.

NEBBICK: That's right. I forgot. (*To Doyle by way of explanation.*) One of those Eastern novelists we had out here went hay wire a couple of weeks ago and bit a supervisor who was making a picture from his novel. Gangrene set in. Almost lost him. The novelist is back East now, writing lies about the movies. Dreiser, I think the name was, or Milt Gross, I get them confused. (*To Beautiful Young Thing.*) I'll call you later. If Tierney is outside, tell him he's off that picture. We're going to take Garbo out of it and make a Clara Bow special. (*To Jimmy.*) That's the new sound epic—My Life and Work by Henry Ford. The real hero is the Ford factory. All those machines thundering. Colossal.

JIMMY: That ought to be swell.

NEBBICK: That was the original idea. We found it made too much noise—blasted the mike—so we changed the locale to Nurnberg and it's a doll factory. Clara Bow is on one of those round the world university tours—collegiate angle, see? Drops into Nurnberg and falls in love with Heindrik Fjord, who has the biggest doll factory in Prussia.

JIMMY: But Nürnberg is in Bavaria.

NEBBICK: Same thing. Our technical director will fix that up. (*Suddenly.*) Have you any ideas for motion pictures?

JIMMY (*eagerly*): I've got a swell idea—something I've been thinking about for a long time.

NEBBICK: Would it fit Rin-tin-tin? He's preparing now. We want to start shooting Monday. It ought to be laid in the North. There's a trapper, see? Foxes—no, that's been used. Seals, huh? He traps seals? Rinty is a wolf, but they raised him from a pup, so he doesn't know it. Comes the day of the big seal drive. Rinty's master surrounded by wolf pack, Rinty goes native with the wolves, turns on his master, suddenly he sees the girl. There's a girl, you see. That's the love interest, and there is the rival trapper; that's the menace. The rival seal trapper has chopped a hole in the ice and is pushing the girl into it—down, down. (*Eyes alight with creative fire.*) There's a new murder—better than the one in Kismet, d'you remember? Go ahead and write it up. The murder is a good place for the dialogue sequence. Will you? I won't! You will! I won't! See, it's all written. And the sound! Can't you hear the wolves howling? And the seals shuffling on the ice floes, and the native songs and dances of the Eskimos?

JIMMY (*bewildered*): I don't know anything about the native songs and dances of the Eskimos.

NEBBICK: Our technical director will fix that up. All you've got to do is to put it in story shape and throw in a little dialogue. I'd do it myself if I wasn't so busy.

JIMMY: But that isn't the kind of story I had in mind at all. I can't do stories for dogs.

NEBBICK (*apparently uninterested*): What kind of a story was it?

JIMMY: It's a psychological story. It starts in the slums—teeming with people, dripping out of the windows, overflowing the fire escapes, like a torrent in the streets. A truck thunders into view, plowing through the crowd. People flee to the sidewalks. The little girl is left in the center of the street bewildered. The truck doesn't hesitate—the driver is drunk—comes into the camera, and over. A little boy dashes out, grabs the girl, flings her out the way, and barely escapes himself as the truck crashes on. That's the beginning.

AS a child, the girl is stifled by the mob. I'll take you through her whole life story and show her still overwhelmed by the mob—at work—at play. She becomes rich, famous. At last she thinks she has escaped the mob. She comes back to the city to find it plastered with pictures of her, her name in electric lights. A mob at the train, a mob around her house, a mob in front of the theater. She jumps out the window to escape. A mob gathers around her, follows her to the graveyard, swarms over her grave, tramples the flowers—and disperses aimlessly. At the gate the camera catches two of them talking to each other. One of them says, who was it? The other says, damned if I know. What d'you think of it?

NEBBICK (*making mental note of essentials for future reference*): Lousy.

JIMMY (*boiling*): What d'you mean—lousy? What's the matter with it?

NEBBICK (*fluently*): There's no narration, no suspense, no motivation, no character analysis; it doesn't flow, d'you understand? Now, I could take that story, spend a little time on it, and make something out of it, but why should I? That's what you're here for. But I can't waste the company's money on stuff like that. (*Looking over a paper on desk.*) Here's something you can start on right away. We're going to re-issue Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath with sound and effects. Here's the scrip. Take it and write the dialogue for the talking sequences. (*Beautiful Young Thing reappears magically.*) Have Mr. Boyle taken over to Rin-tin-tin's bungalow. (*To Doyle.*) His secretary will give you a desk there for the short time you'll be out here. (*Beautiful Young Thing disappears with Doyle, but reappears in Nebbick's office almost immediately in answer to buzzer.*)

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: Yes, Mr. Nebbick.

NEBBICK: Sit down. A few good ideas came to me while I was talking to that fellow. I want you to make a note of them. Let's see—er—I'll call it The Mob. A girl or boy is born in the slums—make it a girl—something for Janet Gaynor—stifled with people overhead and underfoot and all around. She is introduced by a narrow escape from death as truck dashes down crowded street. A little boy saves her, who later becomes her lover—Charles Farrell; we can borrow him. She grows up in the mob, tries to escape it, later becomes famous, returns to the city to find her name in all the lights—glass shot—a mob at the station, mobs on the street, mobs around her house, at the theater. Leaps out the window to escape, mob surrounds spot, follows her to grave, swarms over grave, tramples flowers and disperses.

Pam shot of faces of crowd.

Close-up of two speaking. Dialogue sequence:

First speaker: Who was it?

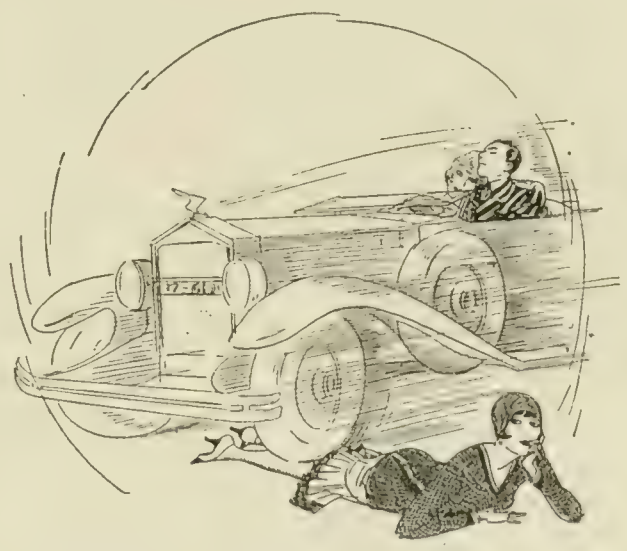
Second speaker: Who can tell? Life is like that, and fame is only a bubble on the sea of life. Fadeout. The end.

A colossal epic.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: That's wonderful Mr. Nebbick.

NEBBICK (*modestly*): All in the day's work.

Take a day letter to the Eastern office, and get London on the wire. . . .



Guess who just got here? Jimmy! I expect one of these days I'll be run over by his Rolls-Royce.

1842 N. La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. August 8.

DEAR SIS:

This is the land of tomorrow—see you tomorrow, come around tomorrow, nothing doing today, but drop in tomorrow. Mañana. I've been here weeks, now, and they all give me the old run-around—cameramen, assistant directors, supervisors, technicians, gatemen—tomorrow, little one, but how about tonight? They'll take you out or take you in, but they won't take you up. Have been going out with one of the producers, Kirk King. I just learned the other day he used to know Jimmy back East.

He's really nice, been trotting me around a lot and has taken a real interest in me. He let me do one little bit in a picture he had in production, and promised me something else as soon as he had a chance. Of course, I have a contract, but that's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-seven]

a lot of bologny. I might just as well have a waffle, or better yet, a matzoth.

I've met a lot of kids out here with contracts and three-month options. You get stalled for three months and then out you go on your sitzplatz.

I thought all I had to do was walk right in and yell, Lafayette, I am here. Fui.

I have a little apartment on La Brea Avenue. I was at the Ambassador until I got my bill for the first week. When I came to I was house hunting. I had to buy a lot of new clothes and I'm still in debt. If they don't give me a break pretty soon what chance have I got to have my option taken up? I'm getting worried, Sis, honest!

I met Buelow at a party the other night. He asked me how I was coming along, and I told him King had given me a small part—a couple of days' work—but that's all I had done. I can do better by you, says he, and I says, why don't you? And he says, why should I? I did enough for you when I got you a contract and got you out here. Now, you've got to do something. And I says, how did you get me a contract? You said my test was rotten. Evidently they didn't think so. And then imagine the nerve of him. It was rotten, says he, but I told them you had possibilities, and I'd take the responsibility if they'd send you out here. And I says, I don't believe it. He says, I knew you wouldn't; that's why I didn't tell you back in New York. Besides, I wanted you to come out here and see for yourself just how far you could get without help. So I says, all right, I've got the idea. Now what do I do? And he says, think about it, little one, and call me up some time. There's a mighty good part in Sinning Lovers for you. You could start work Monday.

I HAD a long talk with Kirk King about it later, and I told him exactly what Buelow said to me. All he said was, yes, I know the part Buelow means. It would be swell for you. But I can get it for you just as well as Buelow can. After all, I'm supervising the picture. But I've practically promised it to another girl. However, I suppose I could switch it. Do you want it very badly? I didn't answer right away, so he changed the subject. I guess that finishes that. God, what a place! I'd hate to be broke here. DIXIE.

P. S. Guess who just got out here? JIMMY! I saw an interview with him in one of the morning papers. He was brought out here and given a big contract by the Colossal people—the same outfit I am with. Wouldn't that be my luck—begging on my knees for a tiny little bit, and he a big shot on the same lot—with interviews and pictures of him in all the papers. I expect one of these days I'll be run over by his Rolls-Royce. Headline: Famous Writer Runs Down Beautiful Extra. Paste a number on her back and ship her East, wisecracks noted playwright and Broadway idol.

P. S. S. Ooh, maybe I'll see him tomorrow.

P. S. S. S. The big stiff.

AUG. 12. Saw Jimmy today. Was having lunch at the Montmartre with Mickey. Jimmy came in with a bunch of writers and directors from Colossal, looked right at me, said, oh, hello, and walked right on. Kirk was with him—stopped and shook hands with me—but Jimmy acted as though I were a wet dog trying to crawl into his lap. Tahell with him. Mickey didn't know I knew him. Told me he was a new writer from the East and had a swell big contract, and was the newest big noise at the studio.

. . . . .

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION
INTEROFFICE COMMUNICATION

TO: James Doyle
FROM: Efficiency Manager's Office DATE: Aug. 15.

You are exceeding your daily quota of typewriting paper. The maximum for Writers (Classification A to F, zone 3) is 22 sheets white and 25 sheets yellow, or second sheets. Countersign duplicate copy of this for our file and return. C. F.

. . . . .

AUG. 18. Was told today at the studio that I was not going to get the part I took a test for in Chiquita's next picture. Mickey said test turned out swell, but that Chiquita knifed me. Asked Buelow to give me part and he countered with invitation to week-end party at Agua Caliente. I told him I couldn't spell it. He told me I'd have to learn a lot of things out here.

. . . . .

Hello, is Mr. Doyle there?

This is Mr. Doyle speaking.

Hold the wire please, this is Mr. Nebbick's office. (*A long wait.*)

Hello, who's this?

This is Mr. Doyle.

This is Mr. Nebbick's secretary. Hold the wire, please. (*A long wait.*)

Hello, hello, who's this?

This is Mr. Doyle speaking.

This is Mr. Nebbick's assistant speaking. Put Mr. Doyle on.

Mr. Doyle is on and has been on for an hour.

Well, don't get off. Mr. Nebbick wants to talk to you. (*A long, long wait.*)

Hello, Doyle? This is Mr. Nebbick's office. Mr. Nebbick wishes me to inform you that there have been complaints about your typewriter. Are you using a typewriter?

Certainly.

Well, stop it at once.

Why — why should I stop it?

Mr. Nebbick has been informed by Mr. Gootch, producer of the Rin-tin-tin epics, that ever since you have been quartered in the Rin-tin-tin bungalow the noise of your typewriter has disturbed Rin-tin-tin while he is resting there between scenes. Mr. Nebbick wishes me to inform you this cannot be tolerated. (*Click.*)

"Have Mr. Boyle taken over to Rin-tin-tin's bungalow."

In next week's Liberty Dixie meets a crisis and falls a victim to the Hollywood blues.

The King Gets His

A lieutenant of the King had a sweetheart. They put the sign of death on her.

A Detective's True Story of a Vendetta in Little Italy

As told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

THE rackets of today are good and the racketeers are good also. I'm not taking anything away from them. Bootlegging and bootleggers are hard to beat when it comes to lining up a tough mob of crooks, gunmen, and powers of the underworld.

But I'm thinking of a time, just about nineteen years ago, when liquor produced barroom fights instead of artillery battles on public streets, and when machine guns were supposed to be for nations at war, and the old-fashioned stiletto was still heard of.

The bootlegging racket has got nothing on the game I'm telling you about. That little act was about the toughest line of business that's ever come off. And for a real rough citizen, a bad, bad baby, I'm pinning the medal on a husky fellow of forty-five with stabbing black eyes and a big black mustache. He was Gaspare Galucci, the King of the Lottery.

It was a lottery of death, with the undertakers catching them as they dropped. It dished out more murders in proportion than any other graft I can name. And the King was truly a monarch of death, and he died with a royal dignity.

The Italian underworld is a particular and peculiar section of the great underworld, and I don't have to put up any argument about its being one of the toughest. And in the Italian underworld King Galucci was the big boss and reigning sovereign. He ruled by force and terror, and the very sound of his name was like mentioning tombstones. What I remember him for especially was that he had the stool-pigeon system stopped cold, tips held up, and a silencer on information.

I had just been promoted to the command of the Italian Squad, and was anxious to make good. Then, right off the bat, hell began to pop in Little Italy, with stabbings and shootings. The job was up to me. I had stepped into big shoes, the shoes of the famous head of the Italian Squad, Petrosino. And there are always plenty of hammers out for the new man. If you don't think that's the case at Police Headquarters—well, think again.

I started in with a rush, and immediately got nowhere. Something had hit the stool pigeons and knocked them flat; they were speechless, dumb. They had forgotten how to talk, how to whisper, how to squeal. How can a man make good with things breaking like that? Tough on an ambitious young copper. But that's the way it was. For once the stool-pigeon system didn't work; at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE KING GETS HIS
Continued from page forty-nine]

least, it didn't until—well, that's the story. The stab wounds numbered twenty, and that meant a vendetta. A man merely knifed in an ordinary, everyday fight gets a jab or two, which, to tell the truth, may be plenty. It's only where there's some heavy grudge, some craze for revenge, that the dagger works so hard. The victim was a leader among bad characters in the Harlem Sicilian colony, an important Black Hander.

A little while later there was another stiletto case. A man knifed in front of a stable on East 108th Street, and again there were a dozen or two stab wounds; then a similar vendetta killing in Brooklyn; and after that, one on the lower East Side. Then a man was killed in the Bronx and another in the Harlem section. Some of the victims were stabbed. Others were shot.

These murders were only a starter. Month after month there was a killing here, another there, in Little Italy.

Nor was the affair confined to New York. In Chicago, in Pittsburgh, in Detroit, and in other cities there were homicides among the Italians which no sort of logic could help but connect with the outbreak in New York. More than twenty murders were chalked up altogether. Some sort of "war" was on—a campaign of murder in the underworld; some fantastic vendetta spread pretty much all over the country. That was clear, and not much else.

The doomed man thought he was safe in her place. She shot him dead as he lay on the sofa.

I HAVE never known the police to be left in such darkness about so widespread and important a criminal affair. The stool pigeons were silent. Not the faintest squeal was to be heard. Some powerful influence was keeping things mum and still. Not one informer in an out-of-the-way corner mentioned the word "lottery."

They were riding a good horse, those lottery crooks. Nothing like running a graft where the suckers have complete faith and trust to begin with. Maybe you'll shy away from a pool or a lottery because you think it isn't on the level—but suppose it was a game you'd been brought up from childhood to believe in. Well, in Italy they have a lottery run by the government. It's square and straight.

Every Italian knows that. A man might say, by way of making it strong, "This guy's right; he's as honest as the lottery."

And so when the gang went around New York selling tickets in the Italian lottery it looked like a good gambling proposition. The suckers might have known that lotteries are against the law in the U. S., and that it couldn't be the same as in the old country. Anybody could have seen that the sharks were merely making a book on the Italian lottery. But suckers never are deep thinkers. The lottery back home was O. K. That was all they thought about, and they transferred their faith to the racket that was running over here. They could all tell you about people who had made a million in the game run by the Italian government.

The racketeers had a close reproduction of the real thing, with one slight variation, one crooked wrinkle. The tickets they sold were duplicates of the tickets in Italy. The price and the odds were the same. The gang here had the winning numbers cabled over. That's against the law, but they had a secret code figured out and got cablegrams that seemed like ordinary information. They paid off on the results of the lottery drawings in Italy—that is, they did more or less, with a nigger in the woodpile. The trick was simple. Most of the winning numbers paid small prizes, and on these they forked out the cash. The numbers that paid heavy sugar they changed and faked. They never had all the numbers covered, and they would alter a big winner and change it to a number on which they had no money placed.

THE lottery went like a house afire, and Little Italy was getting nutty about it. I remember a fellow, a hard-working laborer, telling me how he had missed a million in the lottery—that same swindling racket in New York.

"I dreamed of my dead mother," he said. "And she told me two numbers. Three numbers. Three numbers are needed for the lottery, and I asked her what the third one was. She didn't say anything, but stood there like this . . ."

Here he jumped up and crossed his right leg over his left, the calf of his right over the knee of his left. That was how his mother stood, and it looked pretty much like the figure four. The trouble was that when he woke up he remembered the four all right, but had forgotten the other two numbers.

Dreams are one of the commonest ways of picking a number to bet on, and you find out what your dreams mean by looking them up in a book. There is a volume, come down from the old times, called the Cabala. It assigns numbers to the various things you may dream of—or which you may run across in some way or other. Once there was an eruption of Vesuvius, and half the population of Naples looked up the appropriate number in the Cabala and bet on it. The wild part of it was that in the forthcoming lottery drawing that particular number won. The Italian government nearly went broke.

The lottery drawings are held in Italy on Friday nights. That meant that the lottery ring here in America distributed the news on Saturday nights. These were banner occasions. The thousands playing the game waited eagerly at home. Runners went around among the tenements passing out printed slips with the winning numbers. People that won a little had celebrations. The others thought they'd do better the next time.

Big business, sweet profit—meaning heavy sugar for the lottery crooks.

The suckers had no immediate way of finding out that they had been swindled. The Italian newspapers in the United States are not allowed to print lottery news. Somebody on the other side might happen to write a letter about a winning number, but that was only a slim chance.

In fact, the crooks would have had the game covered pretty near perfectly, so far as the suckers were concerned, if it hadn't been for one thing. Newspapers from Italy come into this country, and they carry lottery news

in full. The American laws say nothing about that. The Italians here do not often see a paper from abroad, but nevertheless the chances were that every so often a sucker was going to get tipped off by a paper from Italy that he had been trimmed in the lottery, and should have won a million when he hadn't got a cent. That's what happened now and then, and it was nothing to laugh at, either.

The more you believe in a thing, the madder you get when you are put wise to the fact that you have been stuck, and it's hard to go out and dig in a ditch when you know that by rights you should be rich for life. The suckers in the lottery game were from the mountains of Sicily and southern Italy, where the blood feud has for centuries been almost the law of the land, just as in the old days in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky. A man is supposed to avenge an injury with his own hands, and squealing to the cops is the lowest thing on record.

You don't have to use any algebra to figure out what happened. Some good wop would find out that he had been gypped by the lottery boys, and he would promptly get out the family stiletto and swear a vendetta, and pretty soon somebody would get killed. The next thing on the program would be for the lottery mob to get hunk, and they would knock off the man who had knocked off their man. And a vendetta would be under way.

As if that wasn't enough, there were fights inside the mob for leadership in the scheme. The swag was so juicy you couldn't blame anyone for wanting to get in on the big end of it. Several gents were ambitious to become the Big Boss. You know how it goes. You want to be the boss, and the best way is to bump off the reigning boss, and the best way for him to hold his job is to beat you to the bumping-off part of it.

THIS brings King Galucci on the scene. It wasn't long before he made himself the Big Boss. The mob that started the lottery hired gangsters to protect them, and one of the gang leaders they employed was Galucci. He was already a power in the land. The Mayor of Little Italy, they called him. He was the boss of a mob of gunmen in Harlem, and took a regular tax from the local merchants for laying off them and protecting them from other gangs. He went into business for himself, and, combining commerce with gunmanship, got control of the olive oil trade.

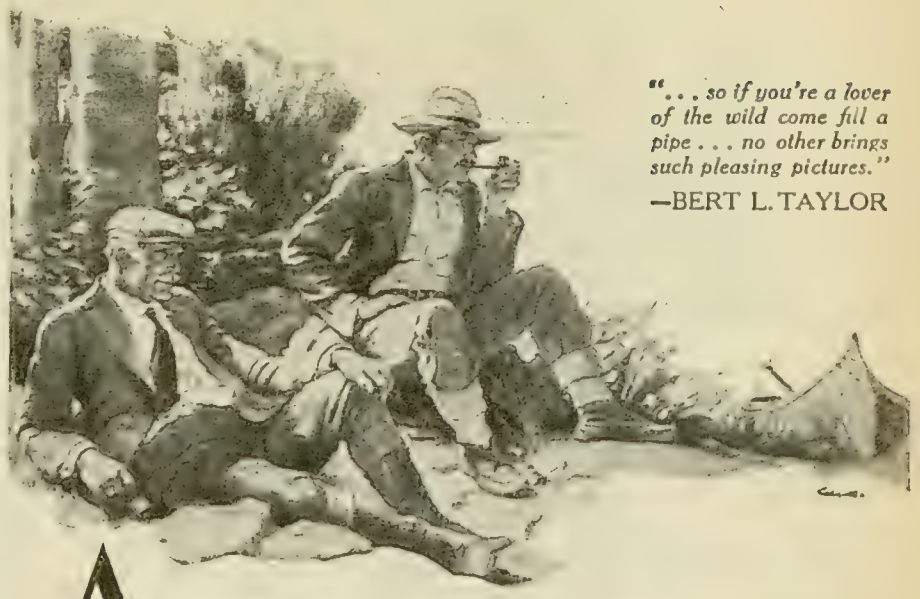
You can see that he was a rough, tough bambino, and you can imagine what happened when he got into the lottery racket with the big money rolling in and him merely supplying protection for the babies that were cramming the bankrolls in their pockets. He protected them for a little while, pulled off a couple of murders for them, and then ran them out, and a couple of them got hurt while being run out. And with that he became King of the Lottery.

He was a king on a most uneasy throne. Somebody was always liable to put a tack on the seat, and there were stilettos, gats, and sawed-off shotguns ready at all times to give the monarch the works—not to mention handcuffs, Sing Sing, and somebody dusting off the Chair. The King had to protect himself against suckers out for revenge, against other gangs and factions of the gunmen trying to ease themselves into his place, and against the boys down at Headquarters who might butt in at any time.

But that bimbo was a hard man to down. He was slick and savage, and murder meant nothing to him. The big lottery money made him just about monarch of all he surveyed in his neck of the underworld woods. He kept an army of gunmen, and had spies everywhere—a regular police force. He and his principal lieutenants wore steel breastplates underneath their vests, and guards of gunmen were with them every place they went.

The King had his headquarters in a saloon he owned and a confectionery store next door. There he sat surrounded by his henchmen and directed his murder campaigns. Enemies were marked for death, and the sentences were savagely executed. It was war with bloody tricks on both sides.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"... so if you're a lover of the wild come fill a pipe ... no other brings such pleasing pictures."
—BERT L. TAYLOR

A *cooler* smoke in a *drier* pipe!

Pipe tobacco from leaf to cut . . .

Prime old Kentucky Burley, cut the one right way for a cool, sweet smoke. That's GRANGER ROUGH CUT.

Unlike finely cut tobaccos, which burn fast and hot, Granger is cut in big shaggy flakes that burn slow and *cool*. What's more, your pipe stays dry and clean.

The especially fine flavor is the result of Wellman's Method, a priceless old-time tobacco secret that mellows tobacco as it has never been mellowed before.

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IN MORE PIPES EVERY DAY!

Stop PAIN

in 3 minutes this new way

HERE is a new and totally different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing.

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Pulvex is non-poisonous, odorless, stainless—safe and easy to use. Actually protects against re-infection. Equally effective for dogs, cats, foxes, birds. Highly recommended by veterinarians. Your pet deserves protection. PULVEX is guaranteed to give it! Only 50c at leading pet shops, sporting goods stores, drug stores, and other good dealers.

PULVEX

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WM. COOPER & NEPHEWS
1890 Clifton Avenue Chicago, Ill.

No Wind..

LIBERTY'S two million voluntary newsdealer circulation, clocked off in five years with no wind at its back (premiums, clubbing offers, subscription solicitors) . . . the magazine circulation record of America.

[THE KING GETS HIS
Continued from page fifty-one]

One of the King's lieutenants happened to step out of his house. His guard was away, and he hadn't his breastplate on. He never guessed that an enemy might be around at that particular moment. But a gang had been dogging him for days, and this was just the chance they had been waiting for. They riddled him.

Another was so well guarded that there was no chance to get at him. He had a sweetheart. The boys out to give him the works got to her and scared the daylights out of her. They put the sign of death on her if she didn't do the job for them, and named a date on which she was to die, unless—

The doomed man thought he didn't have a thing in the world to worry about in her place, and when he went there he gave his guard time off. She shot him dead as he lay on the sofa. The King had a sweet little trick of his own, which will give you an idea of what kind of an egg he was. Whenever his gang got one of his enemies, he used to go with a few of his sidekicks to a street along which the funeral would pass. He would stand there on the sidewalk, and as the hearse passed by he would laugh.

"Another dog gone to hell!" And he would spit out at the hearse.

Month after month there was a killing here, another there, in Little Italy.

YOU can bet the King didn't forget about the stool-pigeon problem. Every crook knows about the danger of a squeal. The King passed out word that his spies were on the lookout for informers and would run every one of them down, and what would happen to them didn't need any guessing. A couple of guys were plugged for tipping off the police, which they hadn't done.

The terror of the Lottery King was enough to paralyze any squealer.

At Headquarters we knew more or less about the lottery—another policy game. There are always a lot of illegal policy games, pools, and lotteries going on. Ordinarily the cops don't pay much attention to them. It would take a special police force to keep them squelched. And so at first the lottery was just another one of those things. There wasn't anything in particular to connect it with the killings. Pretty soon we got the idea that there was a connection, but still we couldn't get any definite information or evidence. We might lock up a seller of lottery tickets, but he would take his six months if necessary, and that's all there was to it.

And so month after month the King kept his throne, the lottery continued bringing in the suckers' money, and now and then the newspapers printed a short paragraph about some unsolved murder or other in Little Italy.

The whole nightmare may seem too wild and woolly for this day and age, but those were the days when the criminal bands known as the Black Hand rode high, wide, and handsome. They had even struck straight and hard at the New York Police Department and cut off their most dangerous enemy, Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, my predecessor as head of the Italian Squad.

CRIMINALS from New York followed him to Italy, and in Sicily shot him dead on a Palermo street. It was only later that the Black Hand was broken up.

The trick of the lottery situation lay in the fact that big money had been dropped into gangland and was there to use and to fight for. It's much the same thing with the liquor racket today. Bootleg millions are in the hands of the gangs, and the result is organized murder and warfare.

One night I was on duty at the 104th Street Police Station when a report came that there had been a gun battle in Galucci's place. I beat it as fast as I could to the saloon. It was empty, deserted, but on the floor was a trail of blood. I followed that into a back room, and there on the floor lay the twenty-year-old son of the King. He was a goner, dying.

Yells came from the pastry shop next door. There I found the gang. They were clustered around a figure lying in the middle of the floor. It was the King. He had two bullets in his head.

There had been a momentary lapse of vigilance. The King and the boy had gone from the saloon to the pastry shop, intending to remain for only a minute. They had left the bodyguard in the saloon. They had no idea how closely their enemies were dogging them. Two figures darted in suddenly with swift pistol fire. Knowing of the King's steel body protector, they shot him in the head.

The wounded men were taken to Bellevue. The boy was never able to speak. He died during the night. The King, though desperately hurt, was strong and clear of mind. I went to his bedside to question him.

"I don't want to hear you or see

you," he snarled, and the savage black eyes glared from under bandages. I told him that his son was dead, and that he himself was very likely done for.

"Tell me who shot you and your son," I demanded. "You want them to get theirs, don't you?"

"They'll get theirs. If I get well I'll take care of them, and if I don't—there are others—they will see to it . . ." And he broke into hair-raising curses.

I could get no sign or semblance of a squeal from him. He was a Black Hander tried and true to the bitter end. The King lay in the hospital. That was all. Otherwise the case was just about where it had stood before. I couldn't get any information. The stool pigeons had nothing to say. I understood that as long as the King lived there would be no squealing. But I figured that once he was dead there would be tip-offs a-plenty. He lingered for days, and was the subject for a gaudy funeral. And then the fun began.

I was walking along the street at night when a flashy-looking burglar caught my eye and gave me the high sign—a stool pigeon wanting to put himself in right. I followed him, and he took me aside and told me everything he knew. It was sufficient, and included the name of a barber who had killed a leader of the lottery in Brooklyn a few days before the King had got his. This barber was a member of the lottery ring himself, and had knocked off the Brooklyn leader as the result of a factional fight. He had skipped to Los Angeles. We got him back. And he squealed. There was plenty of information now. The stool pigeons were back in their regular stride. We passed the time making arrests.

The most important case was that of Angelo Damiano, who was sentenced to death. He set a record for residence in the death house at Sing Sing. He stayed there for forty months. The underworld fought hard for Damiano. Money was raised and political influence brought to bear. It was all of no use, and only prolonged the man's ordeal. At the end of the forty months Damiano went through the little green door.

That was the end of the lottery. A few years ago there was an attempt to revive the scheme, but it didn't amount to much. We got on to it right away. Several gents found themselves chucked in the Tombs, and that was sufficient to discourage the idea.

Another real-life detective story by Mr. Fiaschetti will appear in an early issue.

How Many Mistakes Here?

This picture contains a number of inaccuracies. Pick out as many as you can, and then refer to the list on page 70 to see if any have escaped you.

HEAL SUN BURN

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL TUBE

Send this coupon with 4 cents for mailing costs to Dept. G-7, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y. You will get a trial tube of Mentholatum.

Name.....

Address.....

300,000...

WOULD be a sizeable circulation for a women's magazine to attain in a few years. But that figure represents only the number of women who have sent ten cents for a LIBERTY cook book or beauty booklet in response to a small coupon.

Vox

We Didn't Say They Are Correct. We Said We Like Them

ST. LOUIS, MO.—After reading your editorial of June 22, my first thoughts were of writing to the Book Censoring Bureau in an endeavor to aid the American public by having the publication of your periodical made illegal.

The idea of printing in a magazine which, you say, has two million circulation, the following things:

1. That "ain't I" is correct English. It is not and never will be.
2. That "it don't" is also correct. It is not correct.
3. That "it's me" is O. K. It is not O. K.

But I realize that it will do no good to try to tell an ignorant editor anything. He will not learn!

It does not make sense to say "it's me." I am right, am I not?—*Bentleigh Gordon.*

Yes. Your 'Noisome Trash' Is Nice and Snooty

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—LIBERTY is an exasperating publication—always at least one thing well worth the nickel invested, always some noisome trash.

Your editorial, "The Spoken Language," was a courageous unmasker of snobbery, especially as relates to the useful, logical, facile contraction "ain't." Nobody says "am I not?" without a feeling of superiority and a guilty sense of affectation. There are other and better means of showing snobbishness than by giving this innocent expression the cold shoulder.—*Benn Keller.*

Coming Right Up, Sir! It Starts in September

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Give us a rest from all this hard and feverish modern

stuff. Give us a romance of the sweet and not-so-distant past. The past, when girls' knees were still way uptown, and men knelt to propose, and youths and maidens took buggy rides into the country, and sat under trees and read Tennyson.

Let's have a serial that antedates gin, and speed, and gangsters, and petting parties, and tells us that people are idealists, and not animals.

Oh—let's!—*Worse Than Middle-Aged.*

It Would Have Strengthened Her Character a Lot

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The girl in "Fire-Bird," by Arthur T. Munyan, got my nanny good and plenty. Gee, the casual way she stepped up and bought an air-

plane for $5,100, and then acted as though she'd bought a package of pins at the five and ten cent store.

What she needed was to get all togged out in flying clothes, and have her dad give her a little toy plane, and then go hopping around, pretending she was flying.—*G. Parker.*

Okay. There'll Be More

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I like the idea of those "How Many Mistakes Here?" pictures. You'd be surprised how adept I have become—I only missed one in this week's LIBERTY. If you continue publishing these I'll have a Sherlock Holmes eye for precision.

More luck to LIBERTY—I always get my money's worth.—*(Miss) Peggy De-Laney.*

We Have Always Wanted to Know More About Cows

SANTEE, CALIF.—That story, "Cloudburst," by the Ellerbes, was pretty good, only they better learn more about cows before they write about them. I nearly died laughing there where the girl and guy were trying to help a maternally inclined cow, and were making such a big fuss about it. What the heck, were they trying to have a calf themselves?

I live on a dairy ranch and every year about sixty-five of our cows have calves. And do we stop our other work and do what we can to help, like they did in that story? Heck, no—there isn't anything to do.

Also in that story it said that if the bridge went out they couldn't get feed to the cattle that were in pasture. What did they want to feed 'em for if they were in pasture—especially such good pasture as there would be after a heavy rain?

I'm just telling you all this so you will know more about cows.—*Cowgirl.*

Well, a Long Drink of Brandy Isn't So Modern

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I see that a Vox Popper named Turner L. Smith declared that Clara E. Laughlin's article on Joan of Arc was ridiculous and preposterous.

If Turner ever ventured outside of Georgia, he would know that Clara E. Laughlin is not responsible for her version of Joan's life. In fact, she omitted many of the spiritual details, as given by tradition and historical records of France.

If a country wants to beautify its historical characters without detracting from history—why not? Much of our United States history is idealized, nor would we improve upon it by modernizing it—for instance: "George Washington took a long drink of brandy, and considered the situation."—*Nathaniel Drexel.*

A Patriot Speaks His Mind

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In a recent issue of LIBERTY you published an article, "The Schneider Cup," by Richard Carroll. It was about Lieutenant Al Williams' struggle to enter a ship under United States colors in the coming race.

I think it an outrage that one man should be left to foot a responsibility belonging to the whole country.

At least five ships should be ready to enter for us. We should never lose that race. Americans invented the airplane, and foreigners use it.

Wake up!—*A Reader.*

It Just Depends on Which One Happens to Be in the Office

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Will you settle a wager? One of my friends bets me that Charlie Chaplin writes the LIBERTY editorials. But I say it is Senator Copeland. Which is right?—*Louis Bois.*

Oh

BALTIMORE, MD.—Three-fourths of the Vox Pop page is taken up with foolishness written by readers. To these wise-cracking fools I say:

Beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your communications possess coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency.

Eschew all flatulent garrulity, jejune babbling, and asinine affectation. Use intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rodomontade or thrasonical bombastry. Sedulously avoid all prolixity and psittaceous vacuity.

In other words, write naturally, without airs. Say what you mean, mean what you say, and, above all—don't use big words!—*Hyman Levin.*

Pop

The Thoughts of Youth

BUFFALO, N. Y.—This is a humorous challenge sans humor.

Your magazine seems afraid to publish a religious story or article that really comforts someone. I'm young and like my good times, but I do hate to see a good weekly contribute articles that surely spell destruction to this modern generation. I tell you, they can't stand it. Their nerves are all shot now. They wonder what's the matter with themselves. They lack their only hope: religion.

We need it more these days than we ever did before, and you surely could start something to put us young folks back on our moral supports. — *Grant Dawn.*

Helping the Editor

ATHENS, OHIO—You ask where to put the table of contents. Put it wherever it is convenient, but tell us where it is, in a line under the editorial.

You are doing fine right now, but don't seem to realize it.—*M. H. Fadner.*

CANTON, OHIO—The place for your table of contents is on page three. It should be nowhere else.—*H. A. Lutz.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Anent your problem of where to place your index, why don't you ditch that Vox Pop section and use the space for your index? Who wants to read what all the crabs in the country think of your business, or mine? —*E. M. Farmer.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Place your table of contents in the exact center of a page. Sell advertising space on all four sides of the table of contents. It will be different, bizarre, productive for advertisers. The table of contents is the first feature looked for in every magazine. —*R. L. Hobart.*

MENOMONIE, WIS.—Speaking about a table of contents: you surely do not need to waste the space for one.

You have never published a story or article that wasn't worth reading.

I never miss a number of LIBERTY and read it from cover to cover, so why hunt for contents?—*Mabel Zimmerman.*

HOUGHTON, MICH.—I don't like to appear critical, but would suggest that you stop worrying about your table of contents, give up publishing LIBERTY, and go into the hot dog business.

With your capital you could scatter them from coast to coast, and s'help me Hannah, if your dogs are as bad as your magazine my fortune is made. You see, I sell medicine for stomach trouble.—*A. R. W.*

Attention of Mr. Gibbons

MOLINE, ILL.—If thirty or forty pages of your magazine were cut out, it would better satisfy the general reading public—especially if you cut out the pages containing "The Red Napoleon."

The vast army, as suggested by Floyd Gibbons, the many millions that Karakhan has in the ice-bound country of Canada and the northern part of the U. S. could not begin to get through the winter on the supplies that the country produces, and the rice that is imported from China.

The fact of the matter is this, Mr. Editor: that the professional ball players of this country, each equipped with a good ball bat, would see to it that neither the Red Napoleon nor his soldiers could get within a mile of any strategic point in America.—*A. L. Pulver.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I was in the American consulate as assistant to Mr. Wesley Frost, American consul in 1917, when Floyd Gibbons came into Queenstown, partly by rowboat and in part by destroyer—after he had been torpedoed on the Laconia. He wrote his "scoop" on my typewriter—and through Lord Northcliffe's help put it across five hours before the next nearest news agency.

He was in a rowboat wallowing in the Atlantic for a number of hours with women and children—two old ladies named the Misses Hoy from Chicago being drowned and swept from his boat.

All the men in his boat became exhausted or befuddled, so Gibbons took command and steered the boat till all were rescued.—*Edward Morris Heraty.*

DETROIT, MICH. — Won't someone please wake up Floyd Gibbons? Evidently he's on his back, judging from the nightmare he is having.—*Another Southerner.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Permit me to add my congratulations to the many you will have received on account of the prophetic revelations by Floyd Gibbons' "The Red Napoleon."

The semi-photographic illustrations add to the vividness of the story and drive home the truth which Mr. Gibbons knows so well.

No story has ever impressed me as this one has. It is the best piece of work you ever put out.—*Howard T. Oliver.*

Note on the Average American

DENVER, COLO.—Why waste valuable space and bore your readers with that Roosevelt family rot?

The whole thing is distasteful to the average American or average reader of LIBERTY.

The idea back of these articles seems to be, with the younger Theodore, to impress upon the country at large the vast importance of the Roosevelt family —a sort of dynasty—and that the "subjects," or common trash, should regard the offspring of this family as princes and princesses.—*J. P. Wilson.*

Was That Last Sentence Necessary?

WICHITA, KAN.—I feel you have advanced very materially in giving us something of the life of a present-age family—the Roosevelts—showing they do live without cocktails and cigarettes being their main interest in life, contrary to the way most of your authors try to picture American life.

But probably your censor let that get by unintentionally.—*A Reader.*

You're So Observant, Pete

CHICAGO, ILL.—I was only half sold on "Old Jo," by Robert Hichens, till I got to the end—and then I thought the story was great.

Mr. Hichens sure did do a good full-length portrait of Johanna Lite—"Old Jo"—that brandy-drinking, cigar-smoking woman.

When you see a mannish female like that walking with an effeminate man,

the only way you can tell which is the woman is that the woman's smoking a cigarette.—*Pete.*

Wise Crack

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read LIBERTY first. First, after I've read nine other magazines.—*Your Severest Critic.*

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular—and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Druggists sell millions of Weldona tablets annually. Literature describing rheumatism from the early Egyptian days to the present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

OUT IN THE GARDEN AGAIN Rheumatism All Gone!

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD.

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

The Pirates' Ball

A New For the Love o' Lil

SHADES of Captain Kidd! It cost twenty dollars per couple to drink weak punch and dance at the Breakers Inn on the night of the Pirates' Ball. But nobody ever complained because it was for the benefit of the community chest.

"What annoys me during the summer," a lady dressed like a shepherdess shrilled to Sandy above the music, "is trying to figure when oysters go out and clams come in. I always get confused and order an oyster that's a wee bit *de trop*."

"Buy them in cans and save annoyance," he told her confidentially as he walked away. What did a shepherdess, clams, and oysters have to do with pirates? Nobody knew. As for *de trop*, what did that mean?

This week's cover picture.

His guardian of imaginary sheep blushed and waved her crook after him. She got a thrill whenever a man under fifty spoke to her so intimately!

Lil was sowing a few wild oats in the ballroom. Her cape of gold, daring short trunks, and tricky leg trimmings had attracted dramatic attention. Whenever she danced past the end of the stag line, it doubled up as the tip of the bread line does the moment coffee is announced! Although all the pirates practiced their historic trade by stealing his wife for a dance, Sandy felt proud as a rooster. It only proved that she was the most graceful woman there. With boyish limbs and slender waist, she was just a happy medium between plumpness and going down the spout size!

"Come along," she laughed the next time he cut in just to remind her that he was at the ball; "I double dare you to walk the plank!"

Lil felt quite safe on a double dare. The dread plank catapulted its victims from the piazza tin roof to a fish net near the lawn. Guests paid one dollar to jump off and had it refunded if they repeated as they fell, "Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Sandy was much braver than she thought. He stepped on the plank as quickly as though it had been a trolley car, took three strides—and jumped!

"Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!" he gasped as he bounced into the net. "Come on. It's like the circus!"

That's what the congregated guests thought. They yelled "Atta, girl!" when Lil posed above their heads. Would she land on her nose? An old lady with a cane prayed. A man offered thirty dollars to the community chest if she leaped twice.

"Oooooooh!" she squeaked just before she jumped.

After four drinks of weak punch and seven cherries speared with toothpicks, Sandy escorted her back to the ballroom. He bowed meekly to friends the way businessmen husbands of famous wives always do. Her circus publicity added to her popularity.

"Ah," a soft-voiced pirate purred after a waltz. "Let's wander to the pingpong room." He was nearly losing his fake mustache in the heat and puffed when he walked.

"Yes," Lil whispered. And she giggled when they sat down. It was one of her old bosses who'd embarrassed her with orchids and a marriage offer. She knew his red bandanna covered a multitude of bald-headed sins. Oh, how could she ever have taken him seriously?

"A rendezvous between Captain Kidd and a lovely lady," he said, tapping his chest the way a buccaneer never did. "Romantic memories come rushing back—"

Yo, ho, ho, for the Pirates' Ball!

(Next week's cover adventure: A Bargain in Planes)

The Garden of DELIGHT

A Story of Love, the Leveler

By

COSMO HAMILTON

who belongs to a trio of brothers, all of whom have made their mark in letters. Like Sir Philip Gibbs and A. Hamilton Gibbs, Cosmo Hamilton served an apprenticeship for general journalism. Mr. Hamilton (he chose his mother's name when he turned author) has a number of novels as well as many short stories to his credit. He is, however, best known as a playwright.

Pictures by ROBERT TODD

THERE was to be a Gala that night in the open air restaurant of the Grand Duke Boris.

Sun had come to Nice again after a wet December and a January spoiled by snow. The Carnival had been a catastrophe. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant no season had been so bad. It was time, therefore, that the Garden shook off depression, put on a show of gayety, and made a bold effort to capture some of the entertainment money of the visitors who were coming at last.

The little box in which the Grand Duke kept his earnings was at its lowest ebb.

There was a screen of canvas drawn across the gate and it was locked. That meant nothing to Ivan Storogev, the successful gigolo, who, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, had crawled from his comfortable bed. A year ago he had been a waiter in that place, a loyal member of the commonwealth of the Russian aristocrats who made a precarious livelihood under the gentle and satirical leadership of the dead Czar's cousin.

In a sense a deserter, because he had capitalized his beautiful face and slim figure by attaching himself as a professional dancing man to the Negresco Hotel, Count Storogev was still welcomed in a friendly spirit by his former chief and given the run of the untidy villa in which the brotherhood lived, cooked, and laughed away their tragic memories.

He made his way through the house, saw Princess Irina Petrovna hanging paper lanterns on the shabby pergola, and marched quickly to her side. He had the look of a man whose nerves were about to crack.

"You!" she said lightly. "How nice of you to come. None of us hang these bedraggled lanterns with such a touch."

In a vivid sweater and a short brown frock, hatless, with a glint of sun in her extraordinarily fair hair, she looked even more lovely than when, among the orchestra, she faced her father's fluctuating clientele every night in her Cossack uniform. There were men all over the world to whom the mere mention of Nice stirred the haunting memory of her enchanting face and that clear sweet voice.

Treating him as though he were a yapping Pekingese, she mounted a chair and hung the lantern herself.

He made no attempt to hang the lantern which she gave him. In his dissipated eyes there was deep resentment, and on his white face two red spots of rage.

He said thickly, "Why don't you answer your letters? You've had two from me this week."

Irina continued to put the candles in their sockets with a steady hand. All about her there was the air of one whose whole concern, like that of her companions, was to beautify the garden in order to refresh her father's box. Neither the time nor the mood was hers for emotion or personal things.

"If you're not going to help us," she said, "you're badly in the way."

He followed his own line of thought with the obstinacy of weakness.

"I don't intend to be ignored," he said, jerking back

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT
Continued from page fifty-seven]

his hair. "You can't put me off as though I were a man who had come to mend something, a Niceoise with a bag. I'm here to know what you mean by treating me like this."

Irina was disturbed only because this man was interfering with her work. Treating him as though he were a yapping Pekingese, she mounted a rickety kitchen chair and hung the lantern herself. All the same, there was something in Ivan's expression which made her take the precaution of calling to her father who was festooning the trelliswork near by with branches of newly cut leaves.

Always amiable, the Grand Duke Boris turned, smiled at his daughter, who was the apple of his eye, and left what he called his exterior decoration to join her at once. He wore a blue beret on a head that was noticeably small. It was cocked over his left ear and looked all the bluer because of the whiteness of his hair.

His eyes were large and wide apart, gray and rather deep-set; his nose large and well cut, and his mouth very sensitive under a mustache that was curled away from his lip—a dyed mustache, palpably dyed, so that it looked unreal and as though stuck on with gum. There was a cleft in his chin.

He was wearing a thick white sweater and a pair of trousers far too tight. Here and there they were stained with the juice of stewed plums. There was an apron of very much worn green baize tied round his waist and a pair of chamois leather gloves on his long thin hands. He was proud of his hands which, in the old days, had turned over the leaves of his rare books for so many hours at a time.

All about him still there was the look of a delicate and whimsical student who did not confine himself altogether to his library, but spent many of his nights with women and champagne. No one would have guessed that he had commanded a Russian army during the first year of the war, or that he had had the physical stamina and mental courage to endure the frightful hardships of winters at the front. On his face there were, of course, the lines of indescribable suffering and of those nightmares which, even now, and in that peaceful place, disturbed his sleep and caused him to leap from his bed in the dark and suppress a scream by clapping a hand on his mouth.

"Very nice," he said. "Charming. This is the sixth year during which these lanterns have turned our Garden of Delight into a Bower of Romance. They wear well."

He laughed at his exaggerated description of the effects of the tenth-rate things which had been purchased originally for almost nothing in one of those numerous little shops in the picturesque Italian quarter behind the flower market which devoted themselves annually to the Carnival. He gave Ivan his left hand—his cousin Ivan who, if the world had not turned a somersault, would at that moment have been wearing the gorgeous uniform of an officer in the bodyguard of the Czar. Ivan Storogev, gigolo, deserter.

THE presence of the Grand Duke Boris even in that place and in those circumstances had the usual effect. Ivan clicked his heels and bowed over that friendly hand.

"I'm afraid that you, like ourselves, have not done well so far."

"Quite right, sir. Far from well."

"There has been a scarcity this year of those elderly dancing women on whom you rely. Never mind. The sun is here again. Optimism has returned. Meantime, it is kind of you, my dear Ivan, to come round to lend a hand."

Ivan was honest for once. He said, "I've not come round for that. I can't and won't stand the way in which I'm being treated by Irina—that's what's brought me here. You know as well as she does that I regard myself as engaged to be married. Except in such rotten times I earn enough money on which we can keep a respectable apartment, and I've saved enough as it is to lift her out of this place.

"A year ago, even while I was a waiter, you gave your consent to our marriage. I want to know—in fact, I'm damn well going to know—why Irina holds off and plays the fool with me; among other things ignoring my letters, slipping into shop doors when she sees me coming, and generally treating me to a systematic flippancy which is not deserved. That's all—and I'm glad you're here to be told."

Although the Grand Duke was astonished at this outburst from a man whose manners were usually beyond reproach, he retained his expression of bland aloofness from human emotion, and shrugged.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I am the keeper of this Garden. My little box is at its lowest ebb. We have a Gala tonight. Marriage, life, death, and the great hereafter have no importance compared with the vital necessity of making francs. There is the rent to be paid. Even a commonwealth must eat. Forgive me if I go back to my leaves."

HE blew a kiss to his daughter, who looked so charming on that chair. She was, he considered, quite capable of managing this high-strung person without his help. It was already 4 o'clock, time was flying, and there was much to be done. One whole wall of trellis remained to be beautified. He smiled at Ivan and moved away with grace. To make a success of that evening was as important to him then as a strong attack upon the enemy had been in those never to be forgotten days already far in the past—incredibly far, as it seemed.

From force of habit Ivan clicked his heels again.

Irina assumed an anger that she did not feel. This petulant man was no longer a person to be taken seriously. He had taken the easiest way. He had sold his pride for the fees of elderly fools. He had proved himself disloyal. When, a year ago, she had watched him carrying plates from table to table with a napkin over his arm, and he, like the other members of the commonwealth, was an eager and honest worker in the café which her father, in a satirical mood, had called the Garden of Delight, there had been a flutter in her heart. It was no longer there.

She said, "You have the naïve, dramatic qualities of a newspaper, my friend. You talk in headlines. You bore me. You know the way to the gate."

Ivan stamped his foot. The gesture was almost effeminate. But the two red spots of rage on his face were redder now.

"My God," he cried out, "has the degradation of this cursed place dulled your moral sense? Why not be honest at least? Why not say that you're in love with someone else? . . . I may be blear-eyed after my enforced late hours, blind from the smoke of cigarettes, but I've been watching you whenever I could slip away from the Plage to which I'm doomed. You think—and I've seen it in your eyes—that I've lost caste by dancing with old fat women. I have. But so have you.

"I've seen you looking at Shakovskaya, that damned peasant, with his 'magic' violin, as once you looked at me. If it's true that you and he have the faintest glimmer of an idea of going up to our church on the hill, I tell you this in cold blood, here and now, there'll be murder in this Garden of Delight and suicide as well. As God's my judge, that's true."

He stood near to her chair for a moment, shaking with an ague of emotion. His face was turned up and Irina could see in his eyes what, knowing him so well, was an astonishing flare of love. She had never believed, even before he had proved himself to be so complete an egotist, that he was capable of loving anyone but himself. She said nothing. She used her father's eloquent and frequent gesture—a slight shrug to the accompaniment of raised eyebrows, which was so essentially Russian.

He turned on his heel and marched away—a slight, tall, almost too beautifully waisted figure, with black hair, glossy, a little too long. With his presence removed, the restaurant in its oblong garden among the trees, with numerous iron chairs which needed paint so badly, and

uneven gravel with a sort of mosaic of weeds, resumed its cheerfulness.

Not only was the Grand Duke whistling Raquel Meller's latest song as he stuck his leaves into the once green trellis, but General Igorivitch, the head cook, and Prince Vladimir Dionisievitch, the xylophonist of the orchestra, were singing to themselves as they arranged the tables and treated the cheap napkins in their expert way. The other members of the commonwealth—a dozen or so ex-officers of the Russian army and navy whose names gleamed in the pages of their country's history, and the girls who were their sisters and cousins, some of them quite young—were busy and happy, too.

That "damned peasant," Paul Shakovskaya, the violinist, was tying pieces of colored paper to the pergola. Both in his Cossack uniform and now in an ill-cut suit of tweeds, the trousers far too tight, the man of whom Ivan had become so passionately jealous caught every female eye. He was huge and simple, with broad shoulders and a magnificent torso; six foot one and a half.

His was the square face with the high Tartar cheekbones and wide blue eyes which one associates with the men who sing the Volga Boat Song as they haul up their battered fishing smacks from the sea. His fair skin was brown even although the sun had been so shy for weeks. There was nothing about him to suggest the artist, although he certainly was that. There was no man in any of the numerous orchestras which lend an added charm to the irresistible beauty of the Côte d'Azur who was so fine a player of the violin. His amazing technique and his almost religious interpretation of the music of the great masters were, oddly enough, unhandicapped by the possession of what is called, usually, as an excuse for unpleasantness and irresponsibility, the artistic temperament.

No one would have guessed that he had commanded a Russian army during the first year of the war.

HE played because he couldn't help himself, as a bird sings, and there was hardly a moment of his day when his beloved fiddle was not tucked under his chin. His genius would not have been so great without the infinite capacity for taking pains. With and without his instrument, however, he was a simple soul, utterly devoid of inhibitions; cheerful, good-natured, helpful, always ready with a big laugh whether it was necessary to go underfed or not; as loyal as a dog to the Grand Duke; as much in love with Irina as a sculptor is in love with his coldest masterpiece.

Peasant, yes. Why not? He came of a line of peasants, and the occasional touches of melancholy in which he allowed himself to indulge only when playing the traditional folk songs of his country were inherited by him.

The murder and suicide that Ivan had threatened in his hysterical outburst might, if he had seen the look in Irina's eyes as Shakovskaya lumbered past her chair, have turned the Garden of Delight into the Garden of Despair.

The fact was, although no one knew it but herself, that Princess Irina Petrovna was ready at any moment to lose the caste to which her people clung, the possession of which enabled them to carry out their honest, servile work with undiminished pride, and go up with this peasant to the Russian church on the hill.

She loved this man with all the strength of her heart, hung enthralled upon his music every night, and admired the simple nobility of his character beyond the power of words. But she knew that unless she were herself to smash all the conventions and propose to him, the little church on the hill would never see them there. To Shakovskaya she was the daughter of the Grand Duke Boris, as far removed from his touch as though she were a star.

And when he came up to help her, having finished the job to which he had been allotted, she hid her feelings behind a friendly smile and spoke with the camaraderie which was the keynote of that place.

"Once more," she said, "the same colored papers that were used when we came here first."

He laughed. "Economie, Princess—the word we have learned in France. Without it where would she be? Well, I hope we have a success. His Highness is a little worried about the lowness of his box. We are to be gay. Look. These are the numbers I have chosen for tonight." He gave her an old menu on the back of which he had set out his program in full. Tschaikowsky, Stravinski, Rimski-Korsakov, and the inevitable Puccini—a master in spite of the modern critic who pretends to be scornful of melody. "You are to sing, if you will, Gounod's Ave Maria. But that is far from sad. That is an inspiration. We will have it with the fish."

IT was she who laughed this time. "And with the veal, the inevitable veal, the Coq d'Or," she said. "And with coffee—what?"

"Bohème," he said without a moment's hesitation; "brandy goes well with that. After which a descent for the sake of the dancers to Ah Can't Give Yer Anythin' but Love, Babee. My God!"

The Grand Duke had never been able to afford a second band—one of those jazz bands such as were to be found at the Negresco, the Savoy, the Peroquet, and the Ruhl. Without any grumbling, Shakovskaya and his companions swung every night into what seemed to them to be trivial dance music at the end of their classical program, just as in the same loyal way they turned their hands to any job in the day time which would help the fortunes of the restaurant.

It was nothing unusual to see the xylophonist mending broken chairs in the shed, or the four men, who played what appeared to be gargantuan mandolins, painting the legs of the iron tables with a thin coating of green. As for General Igorivitch, that dashing old cavalry officer, he was always to be seen, with his cook's cap tilted on the side of his head, pottering about the garden, picking the dead leaves, and tempting the straggling geraniums into bloom. A man of seventy-one, as thin as a greyhound, as bald as a billiard ball, with a large mustache which would have been the envy of a walrus, no one would have imagined that in the days of the Little Father he had been one of the ornaments of the court, a notorious lady-killer whose all-night parties in a magnificent and exotic house were famous throughout Russia.

Alone among the members of that commonwealth he, although his eyes were dim, had noticed with anxious sympathy Irina's dismissal of the man who was a member of her own family, and her growing love for the violinist who, under the old régime, would have been beneath her. He watched them now from beneath his bushy eyebrows as he went about with a rake, and as he did so he said to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT
Continued from page fifty-nine]

himself, "How will it end—if ever it begins? Poor children! It is true that we have escaped from death or Siberia, and are thankful to be alive in this beautiful spot even although life is only possible as the servants of the bourgeoisie and as objects of curiosity to those English and American tourists who come here for a thrill. They find it amusing, those people, to be served and waited upon by the aristocracy of a fallen country, and for that reason they give us larger tips. But because in this strange upheaval we find ourselves at the bottom, our traditions remain, and I cannot conceive the vaguest possibility of marriage between the daughter of the Grand Duke Boris and a son of Shakovskaya who herded swine. It is too soon, I fear, for the utter forgetfulness of those old conventions and shibboleths which are in our blood, though for my part, if I were Irina's father . . ."

HE halted in the middle of that thought like a horse refusing a jump. Human and sympathetic as he was, he revolted against anything so revolutionary as the marriage of a princess of a royal house with a man, however noble his character, who in the old days had been something of a slave. He asked himself, all the same, if the beauty and youth of that girl were to be wasted, to flower and go off in that garden as his geraniums did.

The only alternatives were that she should marry without love one of their younger bandsmen or waiters who were of good families, or the elderly Frenchman with mackerel eyes and several chins, who was only too ready to place at her feet the pearls and diamonds which gleamed in the polished cases of his shop in the Avenue de la Victoire. Ugh!

He drew the revolver from his pocket and put his finger on the trigger.

When Irina took her place, there was a tremo

"Well, well. 'Life is scarce the twinkle of a star in God's eternal day'—and I must slice the onions for my soup." And with a Petit Caporal hanging from his lip General Igorivitch stumped back to his familiar kitchen with somewhat creaking knees.

The word Gala, familiar as it is almost everywhere in France, never fails to exercise an irresistible pull. Somehow or other it suggests super gayety, a blaze of lights, myriads of small woolen balls which can be flung without fear of arrest at attractive or dignified neighbors, and many-colored balloons which may be killed eventually with the tip of a cigarette. There may be dolls as well—fantastic things with dead eyes, chalk-white faces, a long red slit for a mouth, and boneless legs—limp and horrid things.

The hand-painted placards and bills which had been stuck all over the place by the Grand Duke's younger followers actually did bring to the Garden that evening a goodish crowd. The tradespeople of Nice, who had grown accustomed long ago to the high-sounding titles of their Russian friends, came in the spirit of celebration at the return of the sun. It was good once more to be able to dine with comfort in the open air, even although it was still necessary to take the precaution of bringing coats.

f joy that hushed the conversations at the tables.

The remainder of the guests were made up recognizably of the tourist sheep who were doing the Riviera at the cheapest possible rates, and herded quickly from place to place by the nerve-racked shepherds of the firms of Cook and Lunn.

The Garden of Delight lived almost up to its name. The day had failed early and the lanterns attached to the pergola and dotted among the trees gave the place, to kind eyes, an air of fairydom. Then, too, the huge electric light under its tin reflector threw from its high pole a large and circular pool, making the colored streamers into a sort of waterfall.

MOST of the tables were taken when the Grand Duke Boris left the shabby villa to move blandly and agreeably from side to side, as much to convey the romantic note as to encourage his people. As he passed the rather violently painted shed in which the orchestra was perched, he halted for a moment, a gracious and charming figure in a white tie and an almost white waistcoat and the long tails of what is known to novelists, some novelists, as "full evening dress."

The orchestra, under the brilliant leadership of Shakovskaya, had just finished playing the preliminary and inevitable march—the appetizer which goes in France before every public dinner. In their Cossack uniforms, with polished boots and furry caps, the little band looked very picturesque—Irina with her fair hair arranged cunningly about her ears, especially so.

"Things are looking up, my children," said the Grand Duke gleefully; "all I hope is that we have enough food to go round. And I can see at least a dozen people here who, judging from former experience, will order decent wine—Beaujolais at least, Château Lafitte perhaps. Bravo! Our united efforts are winning a reward. We may gloat over that box tonight after the gate is closed."

WITH the distribution of the soup he started on his tour, murmuring pleasant things in perfect French both to strangers and to those whom he remembered to have seen before. To the diners who were obviously English he spoke with only the slightest foreign touch, and to the Americans who were briefly in that place on Mediterranean cruises he played the part of the Grand Duke with the sort of dignified humor which moved them very much.

Shakovskaya watched him with a smile in which there were affection, deference, and the deepest admiration. He said, turning to Irina, "A master of men, Princess. One whom it is a joy and an honor to serve." And because he was happy at the fullness of the Garden, exhilarated at the near presence on that platform of the girl who went with him through all his dreams, he took her hand and raised it to his lips. It was a gesture, made with simple spontaneity, in which he thanked her for her father and congratulated all the world that she herself had been born.

Excited, too, that that hitherto almost empty place was now filled with laughter and talk, Irina bent forward a little so that her curls touched one of the high cheekbones of the peasant's face. She was startled and even more excited at the effect it had on him. Reticence and deference moved away from his eyes like clouds which had covered the sun. Their places were taken by a blaze of love, passion, and desire which seemed to shake the stand. Her hand trembled under his touch and he and she seemed to stand for a moment in another world, another dimension, lovely in its clear light, vibrating with the high clear notes of birds.

"Oh, my God," he said beneath his breath, and withdrew his hand with a sense of shock, clicked his heels as a private to his commander, seized his violin, and stuck it beneath his chin.

Ave Maria—which was to go with the fish.

And when, hardly able to pull herself together, Irina took her place in front of the platform to sing, there was a tremor of so great a joy in her voice that it hushed the conversations at the tables and brought forth a burst of applause.

Lifted to another plane by what he had seen in her eyes, Shakovskaya said without looking round, "We will repeat, if you please."

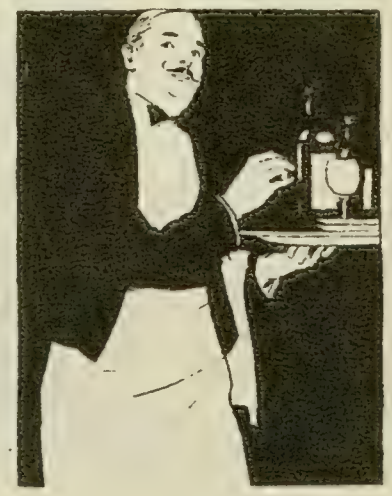
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT
Continued from page sixty-one]

With the veal, the Coq d'Or; with the chicken, Petrouchka; with the salad, Chant sans Paroles; with the coffee and brandy, Bohème—all according to plan.

And at the back of the Garden, near the gate in the shadow, Ivan Storogev, with a revolver in his pocket, and madness in his brain—all according to fate.

He had not been back to his rooms. Madame la Concierge at the brittle-looking building of flats in the Rue du Maréchal-Joffre had remarked to her husband that the Count, whose profile she admired so much, had broken his routine. Not in her knowledge had he ever failed before to return at 6 o'clock for dinner and then to change into his extremely smart evening clothes in which to go to work, having debated as to whether he could wear a shirt which he had worn already twice. Economie.



He had left the Garden after his melodramatic threat, blazing with rage and suspicion, and walked all along the Promenade des Anglais to the spot where it withered into a fag end. There it was lined on the right with sordid little houses and on the left with the beach used only by the children from the village of Saint Augustin a little way up the hill.

Cursing life, Shakovskaya, Irina, the Grand Duke Boris, himself, and his folly in ever leaving the Garden, he made his way to the rooms of a man of his own nationality—a small suite attached to the restaurant and swimming place called La Californie. He had said to Irina, "If it's true that you and he have the faintest glimmer of an idea of going up to our church on the hill," knowing then that "if" was a word which had been left behind long ago like a signpost on the road. Before that hysterical interview with Irina he had made up his mind that she had come to a secret understanding with Shakovskaya and that that damned peasant who adored the ground on which she stood—everyone knew that—had taken the place to which he, Ivan, had the right. It was now his duty and even, indeed, his vocation, to avenge himself, his family, and the old traditions of Russia by wiping out this disgrace.

SO, in a sort of delirium of egotism, wounded vanity, and exultation, he knocked on the door of his friend's quarters, and receiving no answer went in. Petrovitch was probably patching up the broken parts of a dilapidated shed. What did it matter? He possessed something which Ivan intended to take. He knew where it was and took it. It was the army revolver with which Petrovitch practiced at a target on the beach. Having seen that it was loaded, Ivan slipped it into his pocket, scribbled a note in which he said, "You will get this from the police," marched all the way back along the promenade, and threw himself into one of the cane chairs in front of the Savoy. There he drank brandy after brandy with the cold weapon lying against his hip, until the light went out of the sky and the long electric necklace outlined that beautiful coast.

Finally, like a man who was about to carry out a patriotic mission, he paid his bill, said good-by to the waiter, and made his way to the familiar restaurant. All his old friends were serving the soup when he dodged into the main entrance and took up his position with his back against the wall. He was in the shadows there, behind a tree at the very edge of the Garden, but not so far away from the last table as to be wholly exiled from the constant buzz of talk.

He heard the opening march, caught the sense of triumph which infected the Grand Duke Boris and his eager helpers, and was to be seen plainly, even from where he stood, on the faces of Irina and the man with the violin. God, how well he played!

Irina's heart was to be his target, not that of Shakovskaya whose life he considered meant nothing in the scheme of things. It was his intention to join the spirit of Irina as he and she passed over the thin line between two eternities, leaving their bodies lying upon the gravel of the Garden of Delight.

HE knew that it was Shakovskaya's habit to wind up his dinner program with a song. Every night in the old days, with his apron on his arm, he had waited in the middle of the Garden to see Irina come to the edge of the platform and had listened enraptured to her high sweet voice. He had made up his mind to hear her sing once more, and then, as the last echo of what was to be her swan song died among the trees, to send her out of the possibility of belonging to another man and follow after her. And as she came forward with a little smile of thanks at the ripple of applause, happier, it seemed to him, than he had ever seen her look, he drew the revolver from his pocket and put his finger on the trigger.

The orchestra went softly into the opening bars of Le Bon Temps Viendra which Shakovskaya had set to a haunting melody. And as the loyal peasant drew his bow across the strings of his muted violin, saying to himself, still under the deep emotion at the confession of love that he had seen in Irina's eyes, "Can it be true, oh, God, that the good time will come?" he caught the gleam of Ivan's weapon and saw under the red glow of a lantern the white face and mad eyes of the man who also loved.

During the last few weeks the sullen enmity of the deserter had been obvious enough, though it had not been understood.

It was now blindingly clear to Shakovskaya that Irina had turned a cold shoulder on her cousin, not because he had gone into the dance market as a hired man, but because she had given her heart to himself.

But as he stood there playing, outwardly calm but with a whirling brain, he saw with horror and amazement that the small circle of steel was not aimed at himself, but at Irina, who was standing, wholly unaware of impending death, two or three feet to his right. With a sort of divine inspiration it came to him that Ivan intended to hold his hand until her last note had risen into the hushed night like a white bird. Whereupon he flung himself quickly in front of her as a shield.

There was a loud report and he fell with a crash at her feet.

While the startled diners were crowding together in a desire for self-preservation, with screams, another report rang out. Ivan had put the barrel to his head.

Chaos, the crush of running people at the gate, the quick movement of the Grand Duke Boris and his faithful friends to the platform, the lonely crumpled figure of the gigolo lying on his face—and to Shakovskaya the knowledge of a hot sting in his left shoulder and Irina's lips upon his mouth in that Garden of Delight.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—They are names of types of clouds.
2—A mile and a quarter.
3—Between parts of the coasts of France and Spain.
4—Christ (Mark ii. 27).
5—Nashville; Austin; Salt Lake City.
6—The 400-meter run, by Barbuti of Syracuse University.
7—The femur, or thigh bone.
8—Elba.
9—An alloy of copper, zinc, and nickel.
10—Golf.
11—Coach dogs.
12—In 1919, by Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Witten Brown.
13—Princeton University.
14—Near Colorado Springs, Colorado.
15—The Scottish Highlanders.
16—Shorter by 800.2 feet.
17—The Labor party.
18—Dayton, Tennessee.
19—Dante.
20—General Zachary Taylor (1784-1850). General Andrew Jackson (1767-1845).

Martial et Armand made this black-and-white voile with collar and cuffs of white linen embroidered in black.

Fashion's Black Future

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

THINGS look pretty black in Paris right now. And dark as the present is, there is very little prospect of brighter days ahead. Gay colors, gay days, in and around Paris, only serve to make black appear smarter. It is *the* leading shade of summer, and from all the forecasts will continue to be very much *it* this fall. The Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, the Marquise de Polignac, Lady Abdy, Mme. Alvarez de Munoz, and others in that small, exclusive group of women who are invariably known as "the best dressed" wherever they go, are wearing black.

Black has a way about it — aristocracy, elegance, and all that. Very few colors can hold black's supremacy for so many occasions and so long a time. Red becomes quickly belligerent. Blue gets anæmia. Beige becomes muddy. Green sallows. White is too precious for day-in-and-day-out wear. Black is the favorite of favorites with most of the Paris couturiers.

There are blacks and blacks. Rich, dull lampblack is a great favorite of fashionable Parisiennes—the black of a velvet night that has no sheen to it and needs none. Another is filmy black, interpreted in lacy fabrics like fish net, lace, chiffon, and tulle. What Lucien Lelong calls "unassertive black" is the neatest description of smart black which rules the mode.

At least every *other* day some woman asks me to help her plan a future wardrobe which is to be garnered in Paris this summer. When I suggest black as the basis—as I usually do—nine out of ten of these questing ladies cry out in pained protest, "But I can't wear black!" Anybody can wear black, and wear it better than most colors. All black? Well, that's another story. Whoever said all black, anyway? There is nothing more effective or smarter than black without dilution if you can, by art aids or nature, get away with it. If you can't, then mix it with white, pink, blue, red, green, beige, or other color alleviation.

There is no color conceived by man or nature so kind to those ladies inclined to flesh as is black. The slim-jims wear it quite as well. Black is a universal panacea for the limited wardrobe, and the greater the limitations the more effective is the choice of black, because then there are no accessory problems.

One of the newest, most beautiful, and smartest of daytime blacks is that which is interpreted by voile—wool, silk, or cotton. It's good, and getting better all the time.

* * *

The last word in Paris millinery is the organdie hat, with shirred crown and wide shirred brim, from Suzanne Talbot. This comes in every color.

Black antelope gloves and black lace gloves, both very long slip-on types, are the latest ebon accessories.

White gardenias on the background of a black costume are the smartest of artificial flowers.

Velvet jackets for midsummer forecast a velvet fall.

Martial et Armand's new silhouette in a two-piece dress of black jersey and satin.

Ermine collar and cuffs give sparkle to this black silk summer coat from Martial et Armand.

A summer tailleur of dull black crêpe trimmed with silk balls. From Suzanne Talbot.

The RED NAPOLEON

A Newspaper Man's Memories of the WAR OF THE RACES (1933-1936)

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

MR. GIBBONS is now giving his account, as an eye-witness, of the greatest naval battle in history. It was brought on by the American command after learning, in February, 1936, that Karakhan had ordered his fleet commander to enter the Gulf of Mexico during April and destroy the blockaded American fleet. The information came from Margot Denison, whom Karakhan had incautiously pressed into service as secretary.

On March 4 American forces swooped down upon and captured the island of Jamaica. Thanks to their overwhelming air strength, the surprise attack was a complete success. So quickly were the radio stations on the island dismantled by the American bombers that although the Red fleet commander, Brixton, at Colon, received word of the beginning of the attack, he knew nothing of the outcome when his mighty armada steamed north from its bases to cut off the American fleet.

This was as the American command had hoped. To assure his remaining in ignorance, news of the victory was withheld from the world. On the morning of March 5 the author, with Speed Binney and their naval mentor, Russell, set out over the Caribbean in a Chicago Tribune amphibian. Through the day they kept track of the American fleet, headed southward in three converging battle groups to meet the enemy. In the afternoon the amphibian became involved in an aërial combat and was shot down. Meanwhile, detachments of the opposing fleets had made contact and the battle had begun.

Night fell with the author and his two companions adrift in the hull of their plane.

PART SIXTEEN—THE BATTLE OF THE WINDWARD PASSAGE

WHILE we bailed and waited, my thoughts went back to a night in February, 1917—a night that I had spent in an open boat after the Cunarder Laconia had been sent to the bottom by two German torpedoes. Almost twenty years ago it was, and war was still the only means that civilized man had found to settle his differences with his brother. Men still fought to kill. Strange how thoughts of peace come to one when the presence of death is felt. After all, all life is a fight, and peace only comes at the end—with death.

Across the black waters from somewhere off to one side—the direction was lost to me—there came the heavy roll of gunfire. Blink Russell sprang to life.

"God, they're in action," he said, "and the sound is getting closer! I believe it's coming this way! There's a chance—just a chance—for a pick-up."

Now we could see the flashes of the guns, stabs of orange brilliance far down on the black horizon.

"A sweet mess and a hot one," Binney said; "but how in the hell they can tell one another apart in the night is more than I can see."

And then a roaring black monster, its three low funnels crested with lurid red, tore past us at terrific speed. The destroyer had missed us by twenty feet. Our rudderless hull bobbed around like a cockleshell in the curling foam of her wake. We shouted in unison, but whether we were heard or not, I do not know.

Now the moving battle was almost on us. Guns crashed right and left in the night and shells tore across the water above our heads. Some fell near by, sending jets of water into the air. A terrific explosion right in front of us shattered our eardrums and turned the night into day with a mountain of brilliance that reached upward toward the black zenith.

The U. S. S. Oregon, Admiral Kennedy

Outlined against the flames we could see black chunks of wreckage, and abruptly a blazing hulk that keeled far over on one side. Heads bobbed up and down in the pathway of light that came across the dark water to us.

"God, what was that?" Binney shouted.

"A big fellow, from the sound of the explosion," Russell answered. "A battleship, at least. That torpedo certainly found its target. Hope to God it was one of ours!"

Destroyers shot by us right and left. A disabled one sank beneath the surface not fifty feet away, and we could hear the men in the water as they called to one another. Involuntarily we called to them and several of them swam to us. We pulled them aboard.

They were survivors of the U. S. D-201, attached to

From the historical painting by Herbert M. Stoops in the Administration Building, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland

lagship, in action behind a smoke screen in the Battle of the Windward Passage, on the morning of March 6, 1936.

the third squadron of the second flotilla of the destroyer group under command of Vice Admiral Haltigan. Another destroyer stopped close by to pick up survivors. We shouted and they bumped alongside our frail hull. We clambered aboard. The wreck of our amphib drifted off, carrying with it the body of little Czarnecki. We found ourselves on the destroyer leader Wortman, which, for some reason, was affectionately called by her crew the McGinnis.

Fate thus placed us in the center of the terrific fighting that continued throughout that night of March 5 and the morning of March 6, and that naval strategists term the "second phase" of the Battle of the Windward Passage. Speed Binney's itch for action put him in the crew of a forward gun, while Russell and I joined Commander Haney on the bridge. The speed of the long, slender craft was tremendous. The vibration from her forced-draft boilers was terrific to one unaccustomed to the sea. After a few words with the busy Haney, Blink Russell explained to me what was happening.

"The three groups of our fleet that we saw during the day are now retiring northward to a point of concentration. The Red fleet is in pursuit. Our destroyer squadrons are attacking. We are in for a busy night."

"What I can't understand," I said, "is why was the American fleet split up in three widely separated battle groups? Why weren't they all together? I thought it was the accepted naval policy to keep all strength in one unit."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

nature made the Oranges science made the Drink

Science has improved on Nature. Taken the juiciest tree-ripened oranges and changed them into the most delightful of refreshing beverages—Orange-Crush.

It's a drink of golden liquid sunshine. Contains all the sun-rich juice . . . all the zestful flavor of the peel . . . all the healthful goodness of the pulp . . . recombined with a dash of sugar, pure food color, citrus fruit acid for tang, and sparkling water to make this delicious beverage that is more tempting than the fruit itself.

To avoid "pop" and imitation-drinks, insist on

Orange Crush

Sold icy-cold wherever you see "Crushy"—at all fountains by the glass—at all stands and stores in the "Krinkly" bottle

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[THE RED NAPOLEON Continued from page sixty-five]

"You are no more puzzled about it than the enemy are," said Russell. "They bumped into our Third Battle Group on the east and our First Battle Group two hundred miles away on the west. They think they have us separated and they're trying to drive a wedge in between. In the meantime we are taking advantage of modern communications and are concentrating our forces. The advantages of our battle group organization, as you saw it this afternoon, are many.

"In the first place, with each group a complete independent unit, it enables us to apply superior force at any point of contact. In other words, it carries out what old General Nathan B. Forrest said during the Civil War: 'Git thar fustest with the mostest.'

"Second, the battle group organization permits the full use of the high speed of cruisers, destroyers, and aircraft.

"Third, it allows a greater utilization of the submerged functions of the submarine.

"Fourth, it permits any one of the groups to open the fight and provides immediate support for any group attacked by superior forces. In short, it gives us easier concentration and greater general flexibility."

"What's the enemy system like?" I asked.

"Just the same old British tactics employed since the time of Nelson. Battleships in one unit, battle cruisers in another unit, and so on down through all the classifications. It's all right for action, but it's too cumbersome and unwieldy for maneuvering."

Russell's naval strategy was interesting, but the developments of the moment were more so. To me those following hours of darkness will ever remain a wild nightmare of dashing ships, crashing guns, explosions, disaster, death.

THE course of that night action, as the enemy fought their way north across the Caribbean in pursuit of the retiring American fleet, has been vividly treated by the naval strategists, who have given full credit to Admiral Kennedy, the fleet commander, for the orders by which he sent his light forces into the van and the flanks of the advancing enemy, while his three battleship groups sped to their assembly point and reorganized for the culminating action of the next day.

The result of the night fighting proved the soundness of the plan. In the repeated attacks against the enemy's main body, we lost dozens of destroyers which were raked fore and aft by the heavy-caliber guns of their greater adversaries and sent to the bottom with the loss of thousands of lives.

But in those rushes some of the destroyers managed to get through the enemy's destroyer and cruiser screen, and they were the ones that drove home the torpedoes which sank three capital ships.

One purpose of the American night attack was to wear down the numerical superiority of the enemy. The Red fleet, which had entered the action March 5 with thirty first-line battleships, had only twenty-seven the following morning.

In addition to the destroyer losses, America lost one first-line battleship. The old Maryland, on which President-elect Hoover had made half of his South American trip in 1928, was sunk by an enemy torpedo at 3 o'clock in the morning of March 6. She had fallen behind her sister ships in the First Battleship Group and had been overtaken by enemy destroyers who broke through her screen.

The three Red battleships sunk during the night were:

Iron Duke
Royal Sovereign
The Marne

The destroyer leader, with gaping holes through her funnels and her decks considerably damaged, but with undiminished speed, was tearing northward an hour before dawn when we came up with the rear of the American fleet which, having just achieved the concentration of its three separate groups, was now deploying in line of battle.

Haney picked out the flagship Oregon midway in the

steaming line of battleships and drew alongside. His semaphore signaled the information that Russell, Binney, and myself were on the Wortman and wished to be taken aboard.

Rope ladders came down over the wet steel flanks of the Oregon and we clambered up on deck.

The Wortman whirled away to rejoin its flotilla.

As day broke there came the sound of renewed firing south of our position. Russell told me the faster Red fleet had finally caught up with us.

"Our cruisers are screening the rear," he said. "They are engaging the cruisers in the van of the Red fleet now. The enemy are gradually creeping up on us on a course to the eastward. That means they will get in between us and the east coast of Jamaica. Our position now is about forty-five miles east of Point Morant and we're headed into the Windward Passage."

The American battleships—fifteen of them, steaming at full speed—were stretched out 500 yards apart in a single line.

The Red battle fleet of twenty-seven battleships was strung out in a similar array on a line off to the west. Aërial observers reported their position as about twenty miles away. Already the aërial combat raged above, as observers from both forces endeavored to report the exact positions and courses of the two fleets. Russell spoke to the communications officer by telephone and then smiled at me.

"We have intercepted radio code messages sent by Brixton to the Red commander on Jamaica calling for the full coöperation of the Red air forces on the island," he explained.

"Now do you understand why we had to suppress your story of the taking of Jamaica? See what it means now?

"Brixton is still unaware that the island is in our hands. He's still depending on air assistance from the Jamaican airfields. He doesn't know that all those fields are now occupied by squadrons of our air fleet. He has a nice surprise awaiting him."

SEVEN o'clock came and the fleets still steamed on their separate courses—the Reds creeping up. At that hour they were ten or fifteen miles almost due east of Point Morant.

Russell took me to the fighting foretop of the Oregon, but even with the most powerful binoculars I could not pick out the line of enemy ships just over the rim of the western horizon.

In spite of the distance, however, the sound of firing continued, and we knew that the cruiser forces were engaged in a running combat. In another hour the Red battleship line was parallel to and almost opposite the American line. The big guns on the Red ships opened fire at extreme range at this minute. It was just 8 A. M.

Russell told me, "The range is at least thirty-two thousand yards—sixteen miles. They're firing from aërial direction. There's a short," he said, pointing to a mountainous upheaval of water a quarter of a mile away.

Then the American guns began to speak, concentrating their fire on the first ship in the enemy's line. Whether they hit or not I never knew. I couldn't even see what they were firing at. My head ached and my eardrums were splitting from the crashing of the Oregon's sixteen-inchers.

Picture by Clayton Knight

The next thing I knew, I was looking down over Speed's shoulder into the cockpit of the Japanese plane.

AS the broadsides let go from the fore and aft turrets, the enormous ship would wallow on one side from the recoil and we, perched high in the fighting top, would be snapped about like the cracker on the end of a whip.

Thick acrid smoke belched from the muzzles and rose in huge billows, completely enveloping us. It stung the eyes and made us gasp and choke. Fortunately the wind was out of the northeast and the smoke of our guns quickly drifted out away from the ship.

"Old Admiral Kennedy has picked the time and position to his advantage!" Russell shouted in my ear. "Notice the early morning sun behind us—at our backs? That means it's in the enemy's eyes!"

In spite of the fact that visibility was good, I do not believe either side registered a single serious hit during that hour of the long-range duel. But ahead of the heavy ships, the opposing lines of cruisers and destroyers blazed at each other at closer range as each sought to turn the other's line.

"Look!" yelled Russell. "Now you can see they have turned in toward us! They're closer now. They're closing the range. No!—by God, it's the air fleet!"

He grabbed the telephone for further information while I peered through the observation slit and tried to project my imagination fifteen miles across the blue water to the scene of the engagement. Tiny specks—a flock of them like a cloud of midges—hovered above a smoky blotch far down on the horizon. That was all I saw.

To our ears came the sound of a terrific explosion and a low, long, distant rumble. It was not until many minutes later that Russell could tell me what had happened. It was this:

A line of American submarines had come up under the Red cruiser screen on the west and launched a torpedo attack on the flank of the battleship line. As the cigar-shaped engines of death sped toward them, the Red

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[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-seven]

battleships swung off to the right. And as this turning movement took place, down from above dived squadron after squadron of U. S. bombers and torpedo planes.

They had come from those captured airfields on Jamaica.

Red squadrons from the enemy air carriers dived into the mêlée to protect the battleships, whose anti-aircraft batteries blazed away under the disadvantage of the changed course. The air fleet from the land bases gave us numerical superiority above.

The result of this sudden double attack from an unexpected quarter was that two Red battleships, the Warspite and the Rodney, went to the bottom, while the old Italian battleship Conte di Cavour was so badly disabled she fell out of the line and became easy prey, within the next hour, for the air bombers who finally sank her.

"Three more of their big fellows gone!" Russell whooped in my ear. "The odds are getting better. We're fifteen now against their twenty-four."

But Red shells began falling around the Oregon and the other American battleships ahead of and behind us. Our guns blazed away. The enemy shells began to register hits on the American line, and Admiral Kennedy changed his course slightly, to open the range.

With their superior speed, the enemy closed the range again. Just before 10 o'clock a sixteen-inch shell landed at a high angle on the aft deck of the battleship Oklahoma, causing terrific havoc.

The steering gear was wrecked, and the Oklahoma, completely out of control, left the line at full speed on a wild curve toward the enemy.

As this mad maneuver brought her closer to the Red line, the guns of a dozen ships concentrated on her. Her end was quick.

With a terrific explosion the ship rolled over and presented her hull to the sky. She went down shortly afterward. Now Admiral Kennedy sent a charge of destroyers ahead of him, and suddenly there appeared between us and the enemy a thick screen of smoke, behind which the American line turned sharply away almost at right angles. The superior range of the enemy guns and the greater weight of their broadsides, plus their advantage in speed, were still too much for our line.

THE Red battle line tried to close in again. After his turning movement of ninety degrees, Admiral Kennedy resumed the same course.

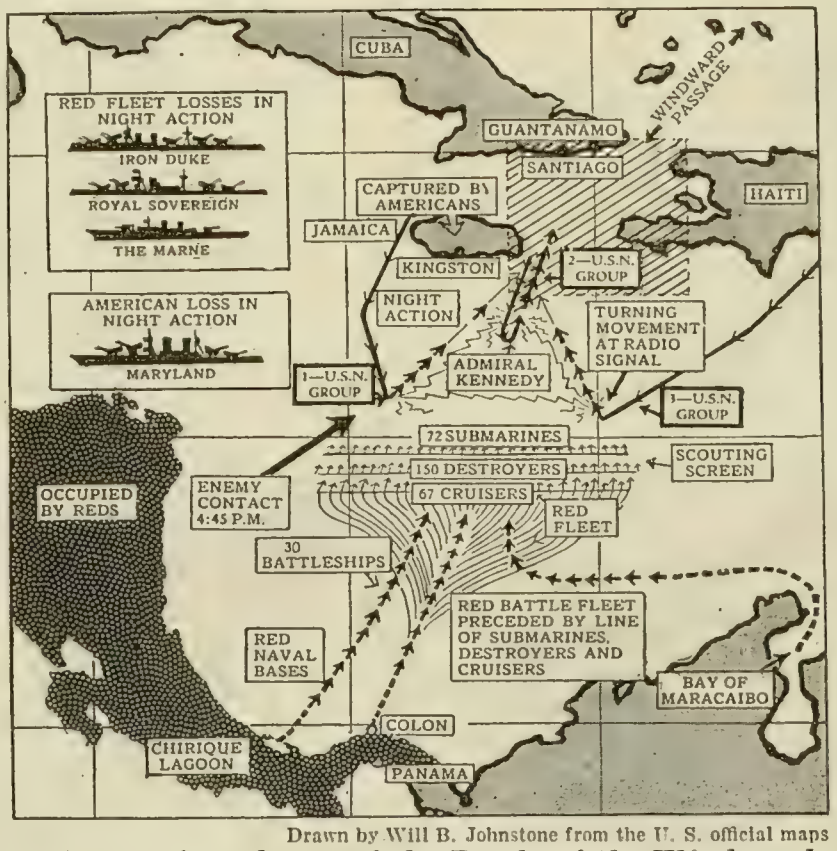
It was now 12 o'clock, and the general movement of the fight northward had brought the head of the American line at that juncture to a point about thirty-five miles south of the Cuban coast.

The Red line was five miles nearer the coast. The range was closer now, and I could see through my glasses the second great operation of the general action.

It was the springing of another Yankee trap.

Submarine divisions under the command of Vice Admiral Thomas attacked the Red line from the north, and as the enemy ships turned eastward to avoid the subs, fresh Yankee air squadrons made their attack from above. These groups of the air fleet came from the fields on the Cuban coast in the vicinity of Santiago and Guantanamo Bay. As the range closed, the American battleships concentrated their fire on the head of the enemy line with terrific effect—and—

"There she goes!" yelled Russell. "Another one down! That's the Marlborough. And look at those heavy hits on the rest of the line! Gee, that's punishment! See that one on the left—out of control? That's the Aisne and she's just as good as through. And look at the fire amidships on that mottled green one in the center. That's the Queen Elizabeth." One other enemy ship left the line disabled at this point. It was the old British battleship Ramillies.



Drawn by Will B. Johnstone from the U. S. official maps

The opening phases of the Battle of the Windward Passage, showing how, on March 5, 1936, the American fleet united and retired, decoying the Red fleet northward. The diagonally lined square is the scene of the general action of March 6, which is mapped on the next page.

LIKE waiting vultures the air forces wheeled above their wounded victims and finished them with bombs. In that hour between 12 and 1, as Brixton bent his course eastward, parallel to the Cuban coast, he lost six battleships to the concentrated submarine and air attack and the excellent marksmanship of the American gunners. The last two enemy craft to pass out of the picture at this point were the Emperor of India and the Barham.

Admiral Kennedy temporarily withdrew from this successful engagement under cover of a thick curtain of smoke let down by the air fleet, but soon resumed his old course.

The capital strength of the two fleets was now eighteen to fourteen, and the control of the air rested unquestionably with us. Thus approaching battleship parity, Kennedy accepted the challenge to a gun duel and closed to effective battle ranges between 22,000 and 24,000 yards.

The thunder of the guns of the Oregon became deafening—maddening. The smoke and flame, the terrific reverberations, the crashing, rending impact of enemy shells striking the armored turrets,—these I can only characterize as beyond human endurance. The memory of such frightful minutes turns the hair white and leaves its stamp on every shaken nerve.

Picture by John W. Thomason, Jr.

The U. S. destroyer leader Wortman in action on March 5.

The advantage of aërial observation was with us, and Russell loudly swore that the American fire control was far better than the enemy's. The joy of it actually shone from his smoke-grimed face.

"God, what a fight!" he said. "I've lived all my life in the navy for this minute! Did you see what we landed that time? Two more of Mr. Karakhan's rowboats have gone to Davy Jones' locker! One was the German Von Tirpitz and one a Jap baby, the Mutsu. They were assigned to the battle cruiser fleet, but Brixton had to call them in to help him."

Russell continued to chortle with glee, pointing out disabling fires on four more enemy vessels. But his joy subsided suddenly as the American fleet suffered its second major casualty of the day.

The new battleship Nevada, after withstanding heavy pounding from the concentrated fire of the Nelson, the

Royal Oak, and the Resolution, fell behind, and although our air forces endeavored to screen her plight with smoke curtains, enemy light cruisers and destroyers reached her with a torpedo attack and sent her to the bottom.

"Poor old Jensen," Russell said solemnly. "Classmate of mine at Annapolis; fine fellow. He's on the Nevada. Poor devil, it looks like curtains for him."

Although the terrific battering of the close-range gun duel had perceptibly lowered the speed of both fleets, the head of the Red line was drawing beyond the American battleships. The fire from the Red guns was sporadic and wild. To prevent having his line crossed, Admiral Kennedy executed his next turning movement and headed due south.

Convinced that the superiority of our fire control would enable us to inflict damage without receiving it, the Yankee sea dog then opened the range to about 30,000 yards, and the course of battle swung due south.

It was between 4 and 5 in the afternoon now, and the Battle of the Windward Passage had been in progress twenty-four hours. Still on the inner circle, the Yankee gunners once more had the advantage, having the afternoon sun at their backs, while Brixton's gun layers and spotters had it in their eyes.

THE respective battleship strengths of the two forces were now sixteen enemy ships against thirteen American. But during that last hour absolute control of the air had gone to the Yankee air fleet.

Drawn by Will B. Johnstone from the U. S. official maps

THE great day of the Battle of the Windward Passage, March 6, 1936. As the map shows, Admiral Kennedy, having drawn the Red fleet into this area, led it successively within striking distances of the U. S. air fields and submarine nests on Jamaica, Cuba, and Haiti—meanwhile so maneuvering that, both morning and evening, he had the sun and wind in his favor. At (A) the American fleet, at dawn, formed in line of battle. At (B) the Red fleet opened fire. (C) marks the first, (G) the second, (L) the third of the surprise air and submarine attacks that decided the issue. A destroyer attack at (H) reaped the harvest of the bombs and torpedoes launched at (G). At (D) the American line, under heavy fire, had opened the range; at (E) the Oklahoma had been sunk; (F) and (I) mark the smoke-screened turns by which Kennedy had avoided a gun action until he could engage on fairly even terms. He did so, with success, at (J), and at (K) he opened the range. At (M) his superdreadnoughts closed in for the final gun action. The Red submarines attacked at (N), too late to affect the outcome of the battle.

Air Marshal Rumsay's war birds concentrated their full strength on the remaining enemy planes and the Red air forces were completely overwhelmed.

Bombers dived on the enemy aircraft carriers Eagle, Furious, Courageous, and Glorious. Thousand-pound bombs crashed through their landing decks into their holds.

Speed Binney's voice came to me over the telephone line to the fighting top. Throughout the day he had been with the flying officers attached to the Oregon.

"I've got a bus with a gun on it this time!" he said. "The air commander is going to let me take off from the deck catapult. Bring Commander Russell down with you and we'll go up and get into the mess. I want one chance to get even."

Five minutes later the three of us were shot off the Oregon's catapult in an armed naval observation plane. Binney nosed up for altitude and we flew southward looking for trouble.

From the center of the whirling dog fight above us, a Red plane sped downward. Binney caught sight of it.

"There's one," he yelled, "beating it for home—pulling out of the fight! He's had enough, but he's going to have some more. This baby belongs to me."

WE could tell from the yellow arc on the Red flyer's plane that it was a machine from one of the Japanese aircraft carriers. The flyer, intent on escape, either did not see Binney's dive in his direction or, if he saw it, did not suppose that an observation plane would dare attack an air fighter.

The next thing I knew, I was looking down over Speed's shoulder into the cockpit of the Japanese plane. Speed's thumb pressed the trigger on the control stick and the two synchronized machine guns above our heads poured forth their streams of lead.

I saw a line of black dots—bullet holes—appear as if by magic on the upper surface of the fuselage and extend itself toward the cockpit.

At that instant the black-helmeted head of the flyer turned, and I was looking into the goggled eyes and below them the yellow features of a man who was going to die.

I saw his mouth sag, his jaw drop, his body slump in the seat. The head nodded almost drowsily. The Red plane nosed up and, falling on one wing, headed downward in the death spin.

I looked into Binney's face. It was tense, cruel, the jaws clenched. His lips moved. I read curses. Then he saw his victim strike the water and go under.

"Fine work, Speed, old buzzard!" Russell shouted. "Another yellow baby gone to his ancestors! The Red Napoleon better start counting his men!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-nine]

Binney was changed. Gone was the hate of the fight. He spoke slowly—almost with embarrassment.

"Poor devil! Know how he felt on that dive. I went down like that once myself. Well, hell, let's look for another."

We witnessed the closing spectacle of the Battle of the Windward Passage from an altitude of about 5,000 feet. At that hour the Red fleet, steaming southward, was between ten and fifteen miles off Cape Dame Marie, the westernmost tip of Haiti.

The American fleet, farther out to sea and leading to the southwest, was about ten miles northeast of that speck of barren rock called Navassa Island. I am ashamed to say that I had never known before that this island was territory of the United States.

Such were the locations of the opposing forces when Admiral Kennedy sprang the third surprise of the day—his grand attack. Another ambuscade of American submarines, that had been waiting in the Gulf of Gonaïve, came forth and attacked the eastern flank of Brixton's hard-pressed battleship line.

Picture by John W. Thomason, Jr.

The sinking of the Warspite, which led the Red line into battle.

At the same time fresh American air squadrons, from the Haitian fields, appeared overhead in large numbers.

Once more the synchronized operation of air craft and sea craft was executed. As the Red line turned westward to escape the submarines' torpedoes, air bombers and torpedo planes dived in formation through a hail of anti-aircraft fire from the battleships. Simultaneously the guns of the American line belched broadsides—miles of smoke and fire, as tons of hot metal whistled eastward.

FROM our position above—safe now in the absence of any enemy airplanes—the water surrounding Brixton's superdreadnoughts seemed to be boiling. Jets, fountains, geysers, eruptions leaped into the air from the surface of the sea.

Missiles striking the decks of the enemy ships exploded with terrific force. Terrific internal explosions burst upward from the bowels of several vessels, turning them into active volcanoes of flame and smoke.

Russell beside me talked incessantly. Like a radio announcer he pointed out the losses, counted the score.

"There goes the Benbow," he said. "She was the flagship of the First British Battleship Division, and a beautiful piece of machinery. That one on her side over there is all that is left of the Revenge. That one with both masts down is the Somme. She was the flagship of the French Battleship Division.

"And that one going down by the head—there she goes with her stern out of the water—you can see her screws; take a last look at her—she's the old Guilio Cæsare of the Italian division. That one that just blew up—the one farthest to the east—is the Nagato, and the one burning right beside her is the Togo. Both are of the Japanese Eighth Division. They were the pride of the old Imperial Japanese Navy."

This heavy toll of six capital ships was the damage inflicted by Kennedy's grand attack off Cape Dame Marie. In battle cruisers, armored cruisers, light cruisers, and smaller craft the losses were even higher. They have been enumerated by the naval experts.

The remnants of the Red line now headed southward out of the Windward Passage and made for the Caribbean, seeking escape from the successive pitfalls and traps they had encountered in that expanse of water bounded by the shores of Jamaica, Cuba, and Haiti.

Ten battleships of the great Red fleet remained, but now the odds were with us. Thirteen American superdreadnoughts were still in action.

Kennedy closed with the Red line, now almost in confusion, and in the gathering dusk the final gun action of the battle took place just southeast of Navassa Island.

Fortunately for us above, the evening wind from the northeast frequently dispelled the heavy clouds of smoke beneath which the battle evolved into a series of individual ship-to-ship combats. Over an expanse of some hundred square miles this terrible final drama of the sea spread itself beneath our eyes.

NAVAL historians have since shown by the records that it was at this point that Admiral Brixton sent out from his badly disabled flagship, the Nelson, the general retirement order, at the same time ordering his destroyers and submarines to put up a desperate rear-guard action.

In the first hour of the pursuit that followed, the victorious American line ran afoul of the submerged Red submarines that had been coming up from the south. Their tardy appearance in the action was a surprise, and in the confusion that followed it the fear arose that victory would be snatched from our grasp.

Two mighty American ships, the West Virginia, carrying the flag of Rear Admiral Atwood, and the Idaho, received their death blows and went down, although it was possible to save a number of the men. This double disaster checked American exultation. Yet Admiral Kennedy, reorganizing his remaining forces, pushed the pursuit of the surviving Red battleships.

Binney landed Russell and me beside the Oregon and we went aboard. Binney stood by, taking the sheets as they came from my typewriter and rushing with them to the radio communications office, from which the glorious news went out through the air to the folks back home.

With nerves shaking from the prolonged excitement and numerous pots of hot coffee, I sank back in my chair exhausted as I typed the last page of my story on the Battle of the Windward Passage.

The far-flung armies of the Red Napoleon might still stand on American soil, but the sea power with which this yellow military genius had maintained his grip around the world was broken. It was the dawn of victory.

"Gee, chief, what a story!" Binney said. "I hope they read it over the air, broadcast it to the world! I'd give a million dollars to be beside Margot up there in Massachusetts when she hears it. Good God, though!—what's going to happen to her now?"

I was too exhausted to reply and I hated to think.

In next week's installment the Reds are defeated on land, their invasion collapses, and Karakhan himself disappears — taking Margot with him.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 53

Mlle. Eva, advertised as a snake charmer, is pictured with alligators.

Half of the barker's mustache is missing.

Disproportionate admission prices are shown.

Woman at the left is wearing but one earring.

Design of the barker's vest is not uniform.

One lapel is missing from the coat of the woman at the right.

Legs of the barker's table are not centered under the table top.

The pitcher has no handle.

The Eighteen-Day Diet

By Eileen Bourne

IT is difficult to determine Hollywood's influence on beauty fashions. But the popularity of a certain diet which sprang into vogue a couple of years back certainly may be ascribed to the international beauty mart located on the Pacific coast. That was the pineapple and lamb-chop orgy which sent a number of figures back to earlier proportions, but, sadly enough, sent many of its overzealous adherents to sanitariums.

Now another diet, which threatens to inundate all other feminine pursuits until the promised loss of from five to fifteen pounds results, is laid at Hollywood's door. It is the eighteen-day diet. The story of its origin, the truth of which we cannot vouch for, is that a certain box-office attraction had a coveted part proffered her only on condition that there be ten pounds less of her for camera registry three weeks therefrom. It is said she paid what ordinary salaried workers would deem an enormous sum of money for the diet prescription.

Anyway, the eighteen-day diet soon got an audience which has been widening and widening. Those still plump souls who have just caught a word or two here and there of its magic slimming properties, are clamoring for concrete information on it.

It is claimed for the eighteen-day diet that it is the result of five years' study by French and American physicians; also, that for persons in normal health it is perfectly harmless. Physicians interviewed may vary in their judgment on it. But the fact that it has an eighteen-day limit, and is recommended only for those in good health, lightens their ethical censure.

Those not in perfect health, suffering from digestive ills or more serious discomforts, are strongly urged to forgo the diet without a physician's recommendation.

We may seem to lean backward with warnings as we approach the diet under question. But we do not want a repetition of the follies of a couple of years back, when extreme measures for getting thin quick were at their zenith.

What is urged especially, in case you succeed in losing five or ten pounds in the allotted period, is that you do not continue into a three times eighteen-day period, hoping to double or treble your loss healthfully. That's how trouble arises. Be reasonable. Under no condition try to get your weight below normal.

At this season of the year one can do nicely with less food than ordinarily. For one's comfort it is advisable to eat lightly. Also, persons in normal health can go very well on a meager fare for a couple of weeks without much danger. In fact, if they were stranded on a desert isle for a couple of weeks with little food, but sufficient water, it is doubtful if they'd suffer any fatality.

If you think your stomach is entitled to a vacation, also if you'd like to shed a few pounds, below is the diet we've been talking about.

DIET SCHEDULE

BREAKFAST IS THE SAME EVERY DAY: ONE-HALF GRAPEFRUIT AND COFFEE.

First day *Lunch:* Half grapefruit, egg, six slices cucumber, slice Melba toast (thin bread toasted in a slow oven); tea or coffee.
Dinner: Two eggs, tomato, lettuce, half grapefruit; coffee.

Second day *Lunch:* Orange, egg, lettuce, slice Melba toast; tea.
Dinner: Broiled steak (plain), half lettuce, tomato, half grapefruit; tea or coffee.

Third day *Lunch:* Half grapefruit, egg, lettuce, eight slices cucumber; tea.
Dinner: Lamb chop, egg, three radishes, two olives, half grapefruit, lettuce; tea or coffee.

Fourth day *Lunch:* Pot cheese, tomato, half grapefruit, Melba toast; tea or coffee.
Dinner: Broiled steak, watercress, half grapefruit.

Fifth day *Lunch:* Orange, lamb chop, lettuce; tea.
Dinner: Half grapefruit, lettuce, tomato, two eggs; tea.

Sixth day *Lunch:* Orange; tea.
Dinner: Poached egg, slice Melba toast, orange; tea.

Seventh day *Lunch:* Half grapefruit, two eggs, lettuce, tomato, two olives; coffee.
Dinner: Two chops, six slices cucumber, two olives, tomato, lettuce, half grapefruit; tea or coffee.

Eighth day *Lunch:* Broiled chop, lettuce, grapefruit; coffee.
Dinner: Two eggs, spinach, four stalks asparagus, half grapefruit, slice toast; tea.

Ninth day *Lunch:* Egg, tomato, half grapefruit; tea.
Dinner: Any meat salad.

Tenth day *Lunch:* Half grapefruit, lamb chop, lettuce; tea.
Dinner: Half grapefruit, lamb chop, lettuce; tea.

Eleventh day *Lunch:* Cinnamon toast; tea.
Dinner: Broiled steak, celery, olives, tomato; tea.

Twelfth day *Lunch:* Half lobster, crackers, grapefruit; coffee.
Dinner: Broiled chops, coleslaw, tomato, orange, three olives.

Thirteenth day *Lunch:* Egg, slice toast, grapefruit.
Dinner: Broiled steak, lettuce, celery, grapefruit; coffee.

Fourteenth day *Lunch:* Egg, toast, grapefruit; coffee.
Dinner: Broiled steak, tomato, grapefruit; coffee.

Fifteenth day *Lunch:* Egg, tomato, grapefruit; slice toast.
Dinner: Two chops, half spoonful tomato catsup, slice toast, grapefruit.

Sixteenth day *Lunch:* Egg, tomato, grapefruit; coffee.
Dinner: Broiled steak, spinach, orange.

Seventeenth day *Lunch:* Chop, lettuce, grapefruit.
Dinner: Broiled steak, tomato, celery, olives.

Eighteenth day *Lunch:* Egg, tomatoes, one-half grapefruit, coffee.
Dinner: Broiled fish, spinach, half grapefruit.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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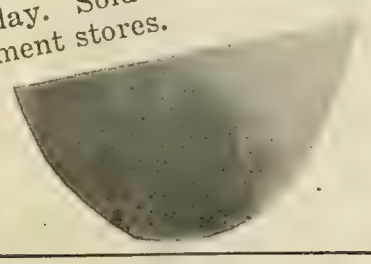
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

City ..... State 153

Sore, burning feet ended *in* 3 seconds

HOW cool and refreshed your poor, tired, burning, aching feet feel the moment Coolene is applied. Every throbbing nerve is soothed. Every bit of fire and pain is drawn from the swollen, irritated nerves and tissues. Corn, bunion and blister pains go like magic. Even the hardest callouses are softened. Coolene is a delight to use, too. It's a greaseless, ivory-white cream that vanishes instantly. Guaranteed to end all agonizing foot pains in 3 seconds—*or money refunded*. Costs just a few cents. Get a jar today. Sold at all good drug and department stores.



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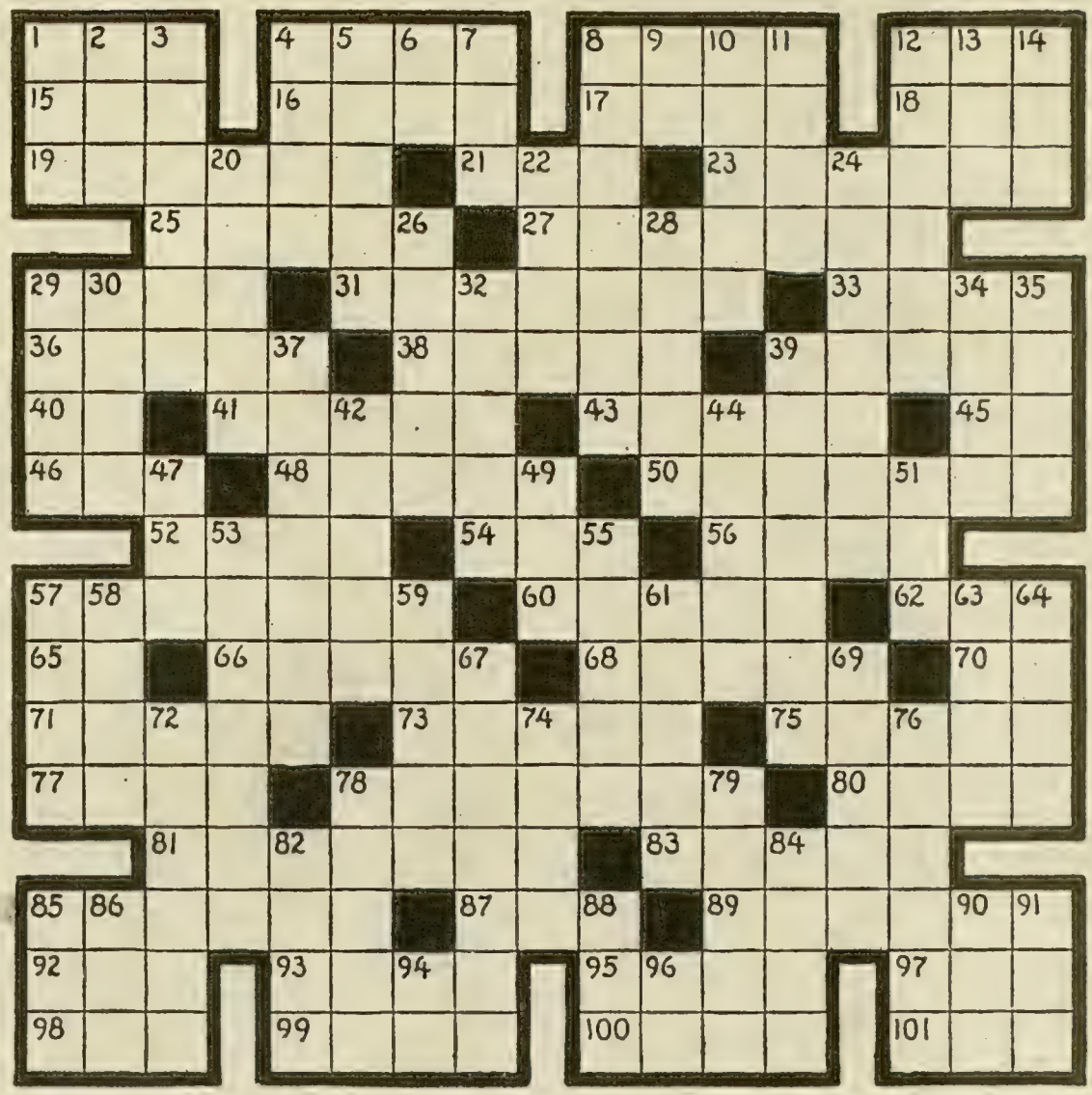
Two Puzzles *for*

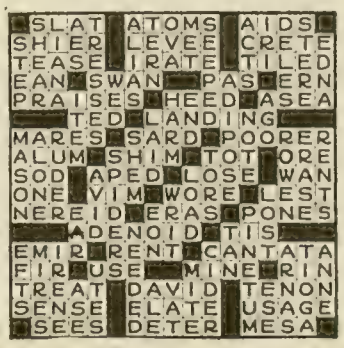


HORIZONTAL

1 A fish
4 Illuminating device
8 Saucy
12 Horse
15 River in Switzerland
16 Man's name
17 Toward the lee side
18 Have obligation to
19 Walk ostentatiously
21 Japanese coin
23 Of the nostrils
25 Bards
27 Irritates
29 Son of Noah
31 Encumbers
33 Beverage (plural)
36 Daughter of Saul
38 Ascended
39 Gustation
40 Abraham's birthplace
41 Suppose vaguely
43 Postpone
45 Deity in Babylonian mythology
46 Mound
48 Different
50 Sinews
52 Thin narrow strip of wood
54 Diminutive for a near relative
56 Crush
57 A great quantity (slang)
60 Town in Canal Zone
62 Open
65 A sloth
66 Denoting the end or purpose (grammar)
68 Jollity
70 Note of the scale
71 Monkeylike animal
73 Drivel
75 Piece sung by a single voice (plural)
77 Soon
78 Believers in the doctrine of egoism
80 Small portion
81 Abates
83 Broad, thin piece of metal
85 Leaves of a plant
87 Noun suffix
89 Detain
92 Over
93 The darnel
95 Charity
97 Regret
98 An assent
99 Affirmative votes
100 Sagacious
101 Japanese coin

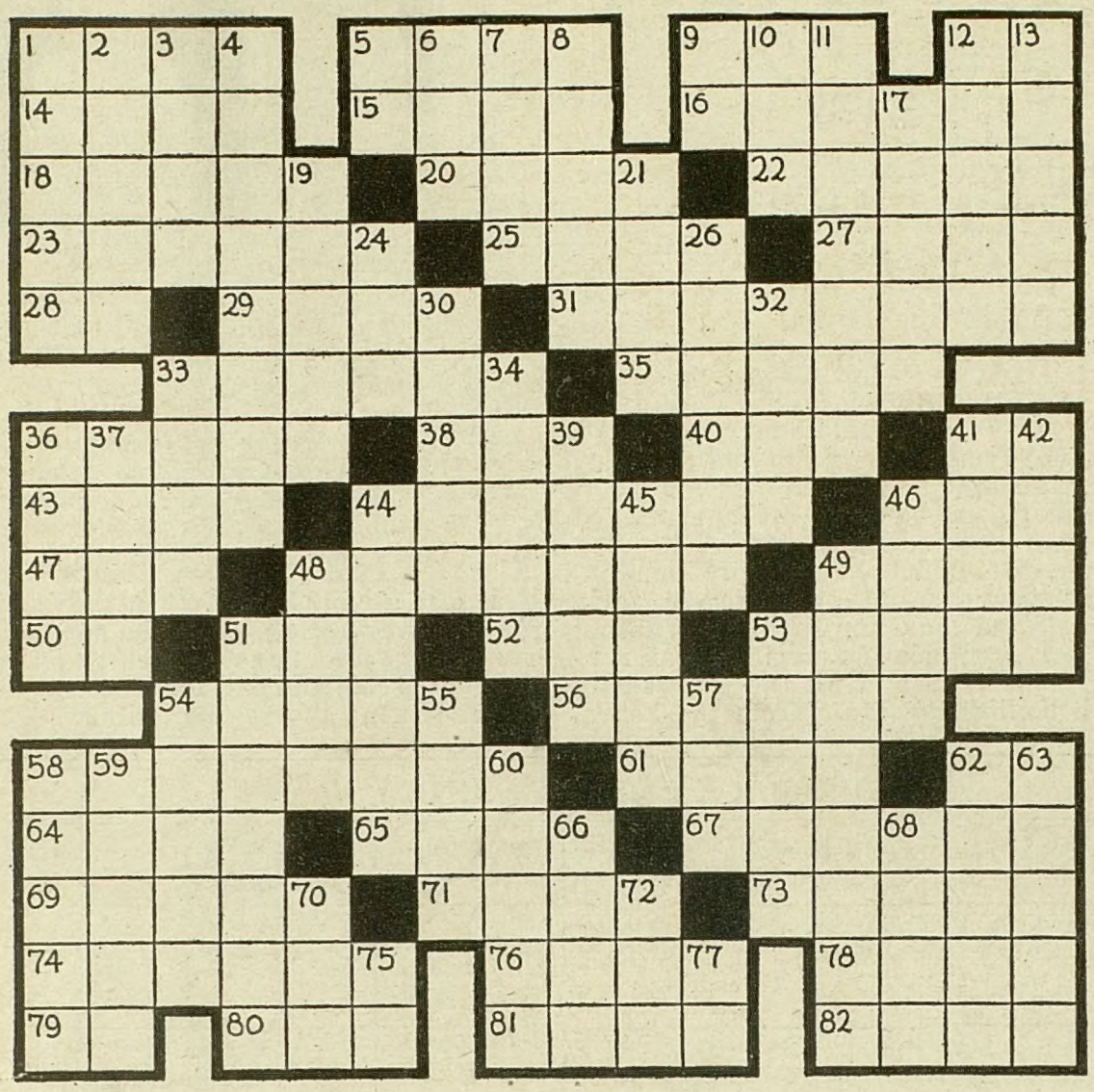
VERTICAL

1 Head covering
2 Row
3 Dealer in cloths
4 Intertwine
5 Instigates
6 Pronoun
7 Work diligently
8 Impaneled
9 Spanish article
10 Hires
11 River duck
12 Spreads by rumor
13 Beard of grain
14 Teamster's command
20 Wanderer
22 Terminates
24 Delays
26 Woman's name
28 Doctrine
29 Disease of plants
30 At this point
32 Silver coins
34 The solar disk, in Egyptian mythology
35 Waves
37 A relative
39 Occupants
42 Woman's name
44 Thigh bone
47 Note of Guido's scale
49 Equip
51 Exclamation
53 Made accordant
55 Town in Spain
57 Hallway
58 Mortgage
59 Range of hills
61 Tips
63 Scheme
64 Facility
67 Chums
69 Hebrew measure
72 Teeth
74 River in France
76 Metric measures
78 Attempt
79 Make-believes
82 A bristle
84 Gaelic
85 Child
86 A shelter
88 Crude
90 Entreat
91 Cardinal number
94 Note of the diatonic scale
96 Chinese measure



Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 Bench of a judge
5 Egg on
9 Jurisdiction (Early English law)
12 Compare (Latin abbreviation)
14 Genus of liliaceous shrubs
15 Hither
16 Clash
18 Stupefies
20 Slatternly woman
22 More uncommon
23 Part of a carpenter's joint (plural)
25 A blow
27 Intermediate
28 Son of Shuah (Bible)
29 A slant
31 Plotters
33 Trifle
35 Hell
36 Position in fencing
38 Town in Germany
40 Measure of length
41 Place of the seal (Latin abbreviation)
43 American Indian
44 King David's son
46 Hiatus
47 Pismire
48 Over and above
49 A song
50 None
51 Historical period
52 Bear young
53 Move suddenly
54 Yelled
56 Electrical unit
58 Arsenic monosulphide (plural)
61 Corresponding
62 College degree (initials)
64 Kingdom in Asia
65 Corner
67 Man's name
69 A cloud
71 A tree
73 Malayan tree
74 Wanting amplitude or extent
76 Devotion
78 On the topmost part
79 Latin and French conjunction
80 Agree or harmonize (colloquial)
81 Stalk
82 A communication

VERTICAL

1 Sew lightly
2 Vary
3 Part of speech
4 Member of a convent community
5 Exclamation
6 Small plot of ground under cultivation
7 Mistakes
8 Ducks
9 Be quiet!
10 Pronoun
11 Stuffed
12 Understandable
13 Flowerless plants
17 Genealogical records
19 Deceptively inferior (slang)
21 German composer
24 Soggy, as cake
26 Lighthouse
30 Thick places in cotton rovings
32 Son of Isaac
33 Fuse partially
34 Woman's name
36 Native of Keos
37 River in Italy
39 Polite form of address to a lady
41 Den
42 To emit spawn
44 Pertaining to the island fabled as Circe's abode
45 Unaspirated consonants
46 Measure of weight
48 Square-rigged vessel
49 Resident of a city in Greece
51 Mischievous spirit in German folklore
53 One of a Hamitic race of Africa
54 Sacred building at Mecca
55 Fall
57 Go about idly
58 Wash
59 Belch
60 Stains
62 Procreated
63 Slant
66 Measure of distance
68 In
70 Devoured
72 Woman's name
75 You
77 Printer's measure

P	I	P	S		M	A	R	E		W	A	I	S	T
A	D	A	M		A	D	E	N		A	R	D	O	R
N	O	R	A		D	O	T	S		I	R	E	N	E
S	L	A	S	H	E	R	S		P	L	E	A	S	E
			H	O	L	E		C	E	S	S			
C	O	M	E	D	O		T	H	E		T	A	P	S
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R	A	M			M	I	S				O	R	O	
G	R	I	P		S	E	C	T	S		O	D	O	R
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S	H	A	L	E	S		C	R	E	T	O	N	N	E
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A	R	E	N	A		E	R	N	E		E	R	R	S
B	E	S	E	T		O	D	E	S		S	I	D	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

Inclined to be Fat?

Overweight men and women will be interested in Mrs. Candler's story. She reduced her weight 115 pounds in 12 months, by the Delle Ross System.

Mrs. Burl Candler, Onarga, Illinois.

263 pounds

This is the same woman as above. She reduced without starving, without exercise, without drugs, or without giving up the things she liked to eat.

148 pounds

Mrs. Candler says: "My people were fleshy, and I was fleshy until three years ago. But since I reduced I have received many complimentary remarks. My skin is not wrinkled or flabby, and I am feeling 100 per cent better in every way."

Delle Ross, Eddy Building, Bloomington, Illinois. Please tell me more about the Delle Ross System, if it will put me under no obligation.

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City and State.....

LY2

Sports

In almost every issue of Liberty there is a sport article . . . often two or three. Watch for William T. Tilden in an early issue.

Home Canning

By Ethel Somers

The pineapple here shown, of the size that is packed thirty-six to the crate, will, when sliced, fill the quart jar. At the left is a hydrometer for testing the density of canning sirup. In its absence a thermometer test may be made instead.

WHETHER you can fruit by the open-kettle or the cold-pack method, success depends upon thoroughly sealing nicely cut, sterile fruit in air-tight containers. The faster one works the less chance there is for contamination. So it is wise to can only a little at a time. Spotless cleanliness of the kitchen is essential.

To prepare the sugar sirup, which helps to preserve the canned fruit, consult the table and proceed as follows: Place the measured sugar and water in a large-bottomed kettle, check the concentration with a hydrometer, and heat, stirring in such a way as to wash the sugar crystals from the sides of the pan and dissolve them. When the sugar begins to boil rapidly, make the thermometer test, if used. Remove the sirup from the fire and use at once. Should the reading show it to be too rich, dilute with water.

Cold-Pack Canning

WASH the jars thoroughly. Prepare the fruit by sorting, washing, paring, and slicing or leaving whole, as desired. Blanch the fruit by immersing in boiling water or live steam in a cheesecloth square (see cold-pack table). Then dip quickly in and out of cold water. Pack the drained fruit immediately in clean hot jars.

Place the scalded jar rubber in position. Fill the jar with sirup to within one-half inch of the top. Paddle the jar with a spatula to free of bubbles. Adjust the lid loosely and process the packed jar either under steam pressure in a boiling water bath or in a properly heated oven. Remove the jars one at a time, and seal. Invert them to cool and test for leaks.

Open-Kettle Canning

PREPARE the sirup. Get the fruit ready by sorting, washing, paring, and slicing or leaving whole, as desired. Blanch and cold-dip the fruit (see the cold-pack table). Add the fruit to the sirup and cook until tender. One at a time, lift the sterilized jars to an upright position in a shallow pan of hot water, to avoid breakage. (When sterilizing the jars, boil also a fork, funnel, and ladle for lifting and filling the jars.) Place the sterilized jar rubber in position and fill the jar quickly with boiling hot fruit from the kettle. Free any air bubbles. When the jar is filled to overflowing, place the sterilized cover in position, fasten tight, and invert jar to cool and test for leaks. Wrap before storing to prevent fading.

COLD-PACK FRUIT CANNING

Fruit	*Blanch in Hot Water*	*Cold-Dip in Cold Water*	*Sugar Sirup*	*Hot-Water Processing*	*Pressure-Cooker Processing*	*Oven Processing*
Berries	In and out at once	In and out at once	See sirup table; substitute berry juice for the water for a rich product	Actually boiling water for 16 to 20 minutes	10 minutes at 5 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 1 hour
Cherries	1 minute or less	In and out at once	See sirup table	Actually boiling 20 minutes	10 minutes at 5 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 1 hour
Grapes	In and out at once	In and out at once	See sirup table, substituting grape juice for the water	Actually boiling 20 minutes	10 minutes at 5 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 1 hour
Peaches or Apricots	½ minute	In and out at once	See sirup table	Actually boiling 20 to 25 minutes	10 to 15 minutes at 5 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 1 hour
Pears	½ minute	In and out at once	See sirup table	Actually boiling 20 to 30 minutes	10 minutes at 5 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 1 hour
Pineapple	3 to 5 minutes	In and out at once	See sirup table	Actually boiling 30 minutes	15 minutes at 10 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 1 hour
Plums	Not blanched but washed thoroughly	Instead prick in four places with a darning needle	See sirup table	Actually boiling 20 minutes	10 minutes at 5 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 1 hour
Rhubarb	Cut into two-inch lengths, adding one-fourth as much sugar per measure as rhubarb. Mix well and place in a covered dish in a slow oven (250° F.) for thirty minutes, to extract its sirup; pack in hot, washed jars and process			Actually boiling 16 minutes	10 minutes at 5 pounds pressure	Slow oven (250° F.) for 30 minutes

STUDY these directions for canning. Then, for numerous ways of serving your canned fruits, refer to your Liberty cookbooks. If you haven't these handy books, the price is 10 cents each; three for 25 cents. Send for them today. Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
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Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
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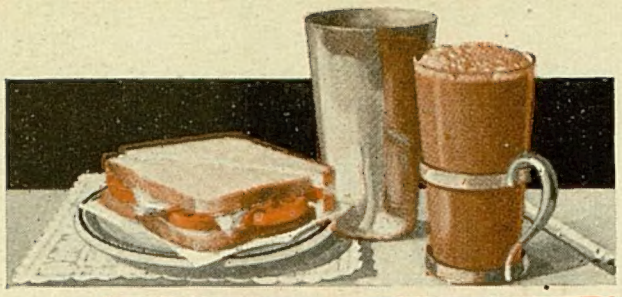
PREPARING THE SIRUP FOR CANNING

Type	*Proportions*	*Hydrometer Reading**	*Temperature Reading†*	*Uses*
Thin Sirup	2 cups sugar to 4 cups water, or 2 cups sugar to 3 cups water	28 to 30	Heat the sugar and water until it boils up rapidly or to 213°-214° F.	Sweet fruits, such as blackberries, blueberries, or huckleberries, sweet cherries, elderberries, ripe gooseberries, mulberries, and raspberries (both black and red), or any fruit for pies
Medium Sirup	2 cups sugar to 2 cups water, or 2 cups sugar to 1½ cups water	40 to 48	Heat until it boils up rapidly or to 218°-222° F.	Sour fruits, such as apricots, currants, grapes, peaches, unless the fruit is to be used as pie filling (in which case see uses for thin sirup), strawberries, apples, quinces, pears
Heavy Sirup	2 cups sugar to 1 cup water, or 2 cups sugar to ½ cup water	54 to 68	Heat until it boils up rapidly or to 224°-230° F.	For very sour fruits, such as sour cherries, cranberries, green gooseberries, plums, rhubarb, kumquats, loquats, nectarines, pineapples, or structurally delicate sweet fruits, as ripe figs or persimmons, unless for pie filling (see uses for light sirup)

* For open-kettle canning use the more dilute sirup, while the more concentrated sirup serves best for cold-pack canning. † If you have no hydrometer.



"On hot, sizzling days I always suggest a tall cool Borden's Malted. It goes great."

Watch for the red Borden Diamond. It marks the stores which specialize in double rich malted milk.

When you're all but tuckered out . . . . crave something light to eat . . . . how cool and good is a Borden's Malted Milk . . . . something to banish that all-gone feeling . . . . step up to a fountain displaying the Borden Diamond —order a Borden's frosted Malted Milk—a sandwich—and you're all set . . . . your hunger is gone and you're not over-fed.

Children like and thrive on Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk—it's full-cream country milk — with all the vitamins—easy to digest—replaces energy burnt up in play . . . For tired bodies that need reviving . . . For nerves that cry for rest . . . there's magic in a glass of Borden's natural flavor Malted Milk . . . comes in glass packages . . . at your druggist.

Borden's MALTED MILK

A Cool stingless shave is yours with Ingram's!

DOES shaving leave your face all "fiery" and nicked? *It shouldn't.* Does it leave you with one of those skins you hesitate to touch? *It shouldn't.*

Or is your face as clear as a May morning, as cool as a mountain breeze, as smooth as a millpond?

It should be, and it *will* be if you'll just try Ingram's Shaving Cream!

Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face!

For Ingram's is a delight to the faces of all shaving men. It takes the biting sting out of the morning shave. It leaves a clear cheek and a smooth skin when you put away your razor.

No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special soothing and cooling ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin while you shave.

With it you can shave closer—your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. And above all you'll shave without those fiery little pinprick stabs that most men bemoan!

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That coupon below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had.

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for the sample. Do it now! You won't regret it!

7

"Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face"

COOL SHAVES FREE

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. B79
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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SHAVING CREAM